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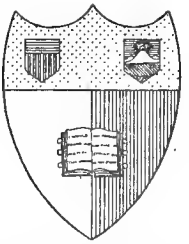

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UNDER THE PEAK,

OR

JOTTINGS IN VERSE,

WRITTEN DURING A LENGTHENED RESIDENCE IN THE COLONY

OF

HONGKONG,

BY

WILLIAM T. MERCER, M.A., OXON.

LONDON:

1869.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"If written to relieve 'the drudgery of a *Colonial Executive*,' this little volume of pleasant verse needs not that excuse for any shortcomings, for it abounds in evidence of good scholarship and real poetic feeling."—*Notes and Queries.*

"The author deprecates hostile criticism. There is no need, however, for him to speak in an apologetical tone, either to those who print their opinioms, or to the public generally. 'Under the Peak' is quite equal in merit to the vast majority of volumes which come under the notice of a critic. * * * * * * The volume is one to deserve more than a word of praise. It is clearly the production of a man of cultivation."—*The Bookseller.*

"There is throughout the collection the genuine ring of true poetry."—*City Press.*

"There is plenty of talent in this book, of a straightforward and honest kind."—*The Leader.*

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"A collection of verse by Mr. W. T. Mercer, of very decided merit, and of sufficient variety to please a wide circle of readers. He writes like a scholar, as well as a man of wide information and reading, who

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"The volume is creditable as showing Mr. Mercer's tender sympathies and pleasant culture."—*Public Opinion.*

"Not only to those who know Hongkong and the Victoria Peak of that sterile island is this volume likely to excite interest, but to every lover of divine poesy will its pages give pleasure in the perusal. The whole volume is redolent of the classic training of the author and his love for the poetic art."—*The Phœnix.*

(Letter to the Author from a successful poet of the day.)

"Latterly it has been my good fortune to read many books of modern poetry, but I can conscientiously say, not in any book have I found so much learning, so much industry, and above all so much Poetry as in yours. * * * * It is one thing to bring out a good book, another to get it widely circulated and well criticised; and unless the mechanism of press-favour—the contrivance of publicity—be understood, many a splendid brain effort dies under the light. * * * * Unless a Press-God be willing to lend aid, the noblest work (I speak of Poetry) may grow musty on the publisher's shelves, with this consolation to the Author that

'The rapture of pursuing
'Is the prize the vanquished gain.'—

Poetic in the *highest degree* do I find your work. The critics have not half done their duty."

ERRATA.

Page viii, line 4, for *Hodi* read *Hodie.*
„ 5, „ 19, „ *were* „ *where.*
„ 24, „ 10, „ *towards* „ *töwards.*
„ 48, „ 3, „ *pray'd* „ *prayed.*
„ 71, „ 15, „ *sister* „ *sisters.*
„ 96, „ 14, „ *foundest* „ *findest.*
„ 100, „ 6, ~~—~~ "*those tresses unconfined*" between inverted commas as a quotation.
„ 115, last line, for *whence* read *when.*
„ 123, line 3, for *exert* read *expert.*
„ 125, No. of page 125 not 127.
„ 201, line 3, for *Tindar* read *Tyndar.*
„ 230, „ 3, „ *lances* „ *timbers.*
„ „ „ 5, „ *mars* „ *Mars.*
„ „ „ 10, „ *commands* read *command.*
„ 241, „ 3, dele " before "*Twas.*
„ 249, last line, read *Mortua cui flatu supremo labra dehiscunt.*
„ 251, line 5, for *cœnam* read *cœnam.*
„ „ „ 14, read *Membra stetit ξυλίνη contacta subucula circum.*
„ „ „ 17, „ *Tegmine non tenuit meliore superbia mentem.*
„ 253, „ 5, for *poculis* read *pateris.*
„ 264, „ 2, „ Ηϑατω read 'Ηϑᾶτω.
„ „ „ 4, „ *nequi* read *nequit,*
„ „ „ 12, read *Claris igniferum fulgur Jovis est in ocellis.*
„ 281, „ 4, for *smoothe* read *smooth.*
„ 302, „ 6, „ *far and near* read *near and far.*

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UNDER THE PEAK.

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UNDER THE PEAK;

OR,

JOTTINGS IN VERSE,

WRITTEN DURING A LENGTHENED RESIDENCE IN THE COLONY OF

HONGKONG.

BY

WILLIAM T. MERCER, M.A. OXON.

. . . . . "Nos otia vitæ
"Solamur cantu" . . . . . .
STATIUS.

LONDON:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.
1869.

[R]

PROŒMIUM.

"LITTLE," to use the words of one lately gone—
"Little of the Poet's shaping art
"Is in these sheets, and nothing more was sought,
"Than that most sweet relief which dwells in verse."

For their many defects what THE TIMES once called "the drudgery of a Colonial Executive"—the results of which are reserved for a graver volume—must be held largely responsible, and in addition an enervating climate; for the most of these pieces were written

There where Victoria Peak looks grimly down
And bars the breezes from the seething town.

Hence their title.

To the critic, should this volume attract the notice

of any, and indeed to the public generally, I would say apologetically, as said Aristotle—"Each loveth his own work," or as Friedrich von Logau in his Sinngedichte—translated by Longfellow—

"If perhaps these rhymes of mine sound not well in strangers' ears,
"They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs,
"For so long as words like mortals call a fatherland their own,
"They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known."

The Hawthorns,
Earley, Berks,
June, 1869.

CAPITA.

PROŒMIUM.

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UNDER THE PEAK.

I.

SERICA.

A STRING OF HONGKONG SONNETS.

I.—THE PEAK.

The precipitous mountain immediately in the rear of Victoria is to those who have the sense and power to breast it the best physician.

What says Sterne?—"Oh, blessed health!.....—he that "has thee has little else to wish for; he that is so wretched as to "want thee, wants everything with thee."

THE sun was sinking westward—and the side
Of the hill, bluff and beetling, that looks down
(Like a swart centinel) upon the town,
No longer seeth'd beneath his fiery pride;
Then, donn'd the garb of exercise, we hied
Unflagging up the slope, a chosen few,
With breathing lungs and cheeks of stammel hue;
We gain'd the ridge, and halting, southward spied
The Ocean and the islands—but we wrought
Not for the palm of landskip-limner, we—
Nor much reck'd then of Nature's scenery;
Health, chiefest of Heaven's gifts to man we sought
And won—and be the rich prize theirs, the thews
And sinews God has given who love like us to use!

II.—THE BAY.

"Statio tutissima nautis." *Virg. Geo.* iv. 421.

BRIGHT beams the day: upon the haven's breast
The matted sails are floating to and fro,
And the white wings of ocean-skimmers throw
Their shadows on the water in unrest,
And those tall barks are toiling from the west,
And these are gliding from the Eastern gate,
Where the carp's fancied form confines the Strait,*
And hissing steam, and clanking chains are heard,
And busy Commerce lifts her voice elate;—
But high above the scene yon haggard bird,
The dusky-feather'd sea-hawk hangs in air,
And falls, and wavers in his pride of flight,
And calls to man, see, motion is *my* might,
Man's skill with *me* to sweep from land to land I dare!

III.—THE TRIAD'S CAVE.

This Cavern, romantically situated, has now disappeared before the utilitarian demand for granite. It was long the chosen resort of the members of the infamous San hop hwui, or Triad Society.

Honest JOHN CROWNE little dreamed of such a place when he wrote—

"No villainy
"Lies in the prospect of a humble cave."

UP rise the craggy hillocks from the sea
Precipitous, and all their gaping front
Is grav'd and torn by blust'ring tempest's brunt
In many a niche of rude informity.

* The Ly-ee-moon.

Deep in the grimmest and apart from men
The robber horde oath-bound to mutual aid
Would plan foul murder and unpitying raid
O'er midnight counsel in their secret den ;
But now man's wants have reach'd the place, and trade
Has rais'd her busy arm, and the dark lair
No more shrouds spoiler in its guilty shade,
But wedge and mallet have reveal'd to air
The nook where many a loathsome plot was laid,
And horror's form is fled and all is vacant there.

IV.—THE WATER FALL,

"In a summer shower
"Steeping the rocks around,"*

falls into the sea below the village of Pokfoolum on the southern side of the island, which is said to receive from it its name, a corruption of Heangkeang, "the fragrant streams."

Since this was written the diversion of the stream round the mountain into the city has altogether ruined the once famous fall.

"It is ; behold the rock, as was described,
The torrent foaming down his rugged side."
Hartson's Countess of Salisbury, Act V., Scene 1.

SWEET cataract ! that sounding thro' the spray,
Givest thy fragrant name unto our isle,
How fitly dost thou in thy course display
The changeful chances of this mountain pile !

* Bernard Barton.

Long dost thou glide, mute and unknown, till hurl'd
Full into ocean's view forth thou dost leap,
And dashing proudly o'er the rocky steep,
Mingle thy new-born voices with the world!
So hath this waste of hills for ages lain
Obscure, inglorious, till a nation saw
And spoke, when bounding to the onward law
The rugged island heard, and now the train
Of the world's commerce to her shore doth draw,
And lifts her stately head, the marvel of the main.

V.—THE TEMPLE ON TAPLICHOW.*

There be other temples larger,
More rich in gifts and gold;
But ne'er I saw a temple
So lovely to behold.
Bodé's Ballads from Herodotus.

I LOVE the shelter'd fane on Taplichow,
Though there kneel pirates ere their trade they ply,
And quaintest show of China's surquedry,
The hatted western figures meekly bow,†
And the long galley on their shoulders bear—
I love the little joss-house; o'er its head
The sacred branches of the neam-tree spread,
Rustle their leaflets in the noontide air;

* Or Duck's Tongue Island, lying opposite the Aberdeen Docks.

† There used to be seen here a long festival boat, filled with Chinese figures, and supported by foreigners in tailed coats and round hats. It has been removed by the people themselves.

The sea wave ripples gently to the door
Where the bonze stands obsequious—and within
How strange the calm, in contrast with the din
And busy turmoil of the adverse shore;
And grimly smile the Gods on prayer and vow,—
I love thy little temple, Taplichow!

VI.—THE PIC NIC COTTAGE AT HEONG-KONG.*

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.
Merch. of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1.

FILL up the beaker! let the rafters sound
With mirth befitting this our holiday—
Let us unbend a while—fling care away—
And bid the native Dryads flock around—
There, in yon wooded slope shall they be found,
Listening in wonderment, as well they may
The unwonted echoes of our frolic play—
Rarely such revels break upon their ground—
And were of late at Penury's stern call
"The rude forefathers of the hamlet" toil'd
Now pleasure reigns in triumph over all,
And genial sport upon the dale has smil'd;
And may *we* oft, as now, high festival
Hold in our nest here mid the hill-girt wild.

* Commonly known amongst Europeans as little Hongkong, and said to have been formerly the principal village on the island.

VII.—THE CHINAMAN'S GRAVE IN THE LONELY HILL SIDE.

OH Chow, or Wong! or by whatever name
Men call'd thee, or the Gods may call thee now,
Why so extravagantly vast thy claim
To mortuary earth upon the brow
Of yon fair hill? If all men spread as thou
No room for things created would be found
Throughout the Seric land, but all the ground
Would teem with graves, and well might it be said
That living ones were push'd from off their stools
By men all useless, now that they are dead
And vanish'd. Did CONFUCIUS leave no rules
To bind a soul's ambition by the tomb?
Then let survivors show themselves no fools,
But dig thy bones up to make elbow-room.

ODE TO THE SONS OF HAN.

Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.—HORACE.

SONS of Han! can words awake ye?
Up and gird your loins like men;
Let no longer sleep o'ertake ye;
Right the wrong—and slumber then.
Rouse ye—let no childish scorning
Of the outer world prevail—
When in sorrow dawns the morning,
Who shall tell the evening's tale?
Rest not now in dreamy quiet,
Up through all your farthest shores,
List the turmoil and the riot
Roaring, raging at your doors.
Sons of Han! around ye falling
See your shrines on every hand,
Hark! your country's wrongs are calling—
Up—regenerate the land!

Sons of Han! your cause is stronger
  Than the chains of the Manchoo,
Bear, then, serfdom's yoke no longer,
  Up and to yourselves be true.
Trust no more the wily Tartar,
  What are China's wrongs to him?
Oh! your life-blood he would barter
  For the cosset of his whim!
All your dwellings he would rifle,
  Showing little ruth, I trow,
An he wish'd a gaudy trifle
  To bedeck his lady's brow.
Rise, then, now in fitting season!
  One and all—a patriot band—
Folly, giving way to reason,
  Clouds no more the drooping land.

Arms, to arms! your thew and sinew
  Prove ye in the battle's van,
Show the ancient force within you,
  As beseems the sons of Han.
Hearth and home to task your might for!
  Hoary pagod, hallow'd laws!
And your dearest ones to fight for!
  Oh! be worthy of the cause!
Ye have chiefs of lordly stature,
  Skill'd the tide of war to stem;
Who so craven, false to nature,
  Would refuse to follow them?

Hark, they summon! why demur ye?
Fix the shield, and grasp the brand—
All your native blood should stir ye
To restore your native land.

Sons of Han! Time's living annals
Tell how Progress gathers strength,
Even as water, forcing channels,
Greets the parent sea at length.
Europe once, perchance a scandal
To the China of her day,
Overrun by Goth and Vandal
Long in unschool'd darkness lay.
See her now—she bids defiance
Unto all barbaric force,
And the onward march of science
Bears her conqu'ring in its course.
Europe then be your example,
Up and speak the high command,
And no more shall despot trample
On the freedom of your land.

But 'tis vain—and words are fruitless—
Speak them to the passing wind,
And the warning were as bootless
Spoken to the Seric mind.
Heart and body wrapt in blindness,
Bound in Superstition's thrall
Deaf to every plaint of kindness,
Oh! the land is doom'd to fall.

Not Tyrtæus re-appearing
From his storied Spartan grave
Could to deeds of patriot daring
Fire the dotard and the slave.
Falsehood reigns, and idle vaunting,
All the nation is unmann'd,
And the inward power is wanting
To resuscitate the land.

Yes, sad land! the hour for action
Even now is pass'd away—
Sunk in discord, strife, and faction,
Who your downward course shall stay?
Who of all your brave shall aid ye?
Who of gods? or Taou, or Fo?
Idols that so long have sway'd ye!
Shall these turn the coming blow?
Lo! the trunk is sorely stricken,
Not in tendril, leaf, or bough,
Lives the sap that shall re-quicken
All the tree to verdure now!
Lost and weetless of your danger,
Only can the proffer'd hand
Of the sturdy western stranger
Raise again your fallen land!

Sons of Han! as erst in Edom
Fell each grand time-honoured hall,
So before the might of Freedom
Shall your darken'd fancies fall!

Muse upon the solemn warning
Shadow'd from Copán the fair—
Sculptured art her courts adorning
Tower'd in wayward grandeur there.
But the alien seeds were driven
Thither by the casual breeze,
And her pedestals were riven
By the spreading of the trees.
Fell the statues from their bases!
Haply thus no more shall stand,
Men of China! in your places,
You, throughout your pleasant land!

Bigots! in this age of motion
Sleep ye yet, the common scorn,
While from gateways of the ocean
Bursts the long-expected morn?
Borne upon Britannia's banners
From her islands o'er the sea,
From Columbia's green savannas,
Sounds the echoing cry—be free!
Hear it through your myriad numbers,—
These are not the days of eld,
Modern earth no longer slumbers,
Man no more in chains is held,
Up then in your several stations,
And, led on by stranger's hand,
In the brotherhood of nations
Moves the great Celestial land!

HONGKONG, 11*th March*, 1855.

CHINESE VERS DE SOCIETÉ.

In November 1845, KEYING, the well known Chinese Vice-Roy and Minister for Foreign Affairs, paid Sir JOHN DAVIS a visit in Hongkong.

I.

In that visit this and the two following pieces had their origin. The rough translation from which they were taken was by the late Dr. GUTZLAFF and somewhat difficult to handle ; in addition to which, as M. REMUSAT has said, "La langue poetique des "Chinois est veritablement intraduisible ; on pourrait peut-être "ajouter qu'elle est souvent inintelligible."

The first piece is written on seeing a quadrille danced at Government House, and was inscribed on a fan presented by its author to Sir JOHN DAVIS.

The author was CHAOU CHANG LING, Inspector of the Grain Department at Canton and a Doctor of the Imperial College.*

GAILY beneath the golden dome
They trip it to the music's sound,
And echoing thro' the royal home
How clear and full the notes rebound !
Under the neighbouring alcove
With the Phœnix step they move,

* The Sorbonne of China.

Finish with a whirling dance
And the noble dragon-prance;
Backward speed they, then they go
Once more to the front, and lo!
Now they rise with eagle flight,
And now in bashfulness again unite!
Gifted as with fairy wings,
Swift as flakes that winter brings,
On they gently glide, and then
From the spot retire again;
And last they meet in close array,
O'er each other softly bending,
So their utmost mirth they stay
And amble as if homeward wending.*
'Twas thus amaz'd
I fondly gazed,
Delaying until evening's close,
Darted along
Before the throng,
And spied behind the dust that rose—
(Such mien the lonely wanderer hath
Who meets the blue wave on its path)—
And then my lowly view I cast
Upon the crowd that onward past,
And saw the bloom of beauty gleaming
And eyes with joy and pleasure beaming!

How this carousal elates the heart!
How the shadows flit, and the figures start!

* La Finale.

How stately the grace ! the display how fleet !
As the rustling of wings is the sound of their feet.
Elastic the tread,
And with gentle dread
The approach is made,
And when each soft shade
In flickering gloom
Confusedly floats athwart the room,
What splendour and beauty the eye may see !
In confident converse what harmony !

II.

These verses were like the preceding the production of CHAOU CHANG LING, and were written on a fan handed to Admiral Sir THOS. COCHRANE to record an entertainment given to KEYING and his colleagues on board the flag-ship *Agincourt*, on the occasion of the visit to Hongkong already referred to.

WITH mirth and rejoicing the myriads come,
To the chamber and gaze on the sea-bird of war,
While her consorts around her majestic among
She towers like a mountain high seen from afar.

Unequalled the hall is in beauty, and lo !
See like a fresh rainbow the cloud hanging o'er,
As on the tide's breast she is swung to and fro,
The fathomless tide by the dark rocky shore ;

And the dews of the evening descend on her now,
Down pouring their welcome at fall of the night,
But soon shall Aurora rise over the brow
Of yon hill and illumine the bark with her light.

Ah! hush'd be my fancy, for now I behold
Swift flames* in a thousand gay circles entwine
In the form of irradiant flowerets of gold,
And the shores and the valleys in harmony shine.

Old Ocean no longer in gloominess sleeps,
He throws back the blaze that the flame-work begun,
And luminous sparks bubble up from his deeps,
As diamonds flash in the rays of the Sun.†

Yet within me my mind is all silent and still,
For anxious in spirit and calm I attend,
Not hopeful but wond'ring, not fearful of ill,
I wait in amazement the mystery's end.

Like LIHTAN the old Bonze that is fam'd in our page
The wonders we view of your princely domain,
Where everything shows you pure, perfect, and sage,
Fit rivals with gods of the Ocean to reign!

Aye—a Temple ye boast that is known far and wide,
Where to the rude stranger a welcome is shown,

* In reference to the fireworks.

† The waters of Hongkong Harbour by night and at certain seasons are peculiarly phosphorescent—but probably the poet thought of the reflection of the fireworks on the sea.

Where your countrymen flock in the strength of their
pride,
And all the immortals acknowledge their own.

And you of this Temple the denizens free
By day and by night struggle sorely for fame,
And your first wish as warriors in life is to see
On your ancestors' tablets engraven your name.

And your merits shall spread till all ages are past,
And though yet fortune wills not the goal to reveal,
Soon or late your renown shall be heard, and shall last
As the characters wrought on an exquisite seal.

Oh, friends, if ye ask what your mission is here,
Receive the good saying of one that is gone,
Upright be each act, and your conscience be clear,
And pure be your mind as a god on his throne.

Wield the sword but in honour; rage not in the strife
Where victory to you is easily given.*
And in all living beings respect ye the life
That springs from the godhood of earth and of heaven.

* Considering the date this is a remarkable expression. I fear that the concluding sentiment only proves that—

They know what's right, but only so,
They never practise what they know.

III.

THIS effusion was penned by LEW TSIN, the Kwang Chau Fu, or Head of the Municipal Corporation of Canton, who, like CHAOU CHANG LING, before spoken of, accompanied KEYING to Hongkong, was a Doctor of the Imperial College, and gave himself to the expression of his feelings in verse.

It was written on board H.M.S. *Vixen*, as we were leaving Hongkong Harbour, engaged in the task of escorting KEYING homeward.

It will be seen that the allusion throughout is to the Colony, the beauties of which are touched on with something more than a poet's exaggeration; its past is cursorily referred to in comparison with its present, and LEW TSIN'S own regrets are given with descriptive force rather than adherence to verity.

Of the subsequent career of CHAOU CHANG LING I never heard, but it may be interesting to record that of LEW TSIN, which was as follows: Shortly after the date of this visit his *Yamun* or Court of office was burnt to the ground by a mob during a riot that sprang out of some foreign question. For his failure in dealing with the people on this occasion he was of course degraded, but was subsequently nominated Prefect of Chau Chau. He again fell into trouble, for while escorting the Siamese Embassy in 1849 through the Province of Shan Tung he had the bad luck to face another popular disturbance and he was degraded once more. He retired to Canton where he died somewhere about the end of 1852.

THE silvery dews are falling where
The fragrant forest-trees are bare—
Leafless but lovely—while around
O'er hill's and vale's enchanting ground
In floating haze the mists repose,
And with sweet breath the Zephyr blows,
And woos the brooding gloom to smile
That overshades the fading isle.

And here beneath the flowery dome
Of the proud ship* that bears me home,
With tears unwonted falling fast,
I sit and muse on moments past.

My very heart grows cold below
The robe that flutters to my woe,
Like him, the lone one, who is gone
Far from his father's home I feel,
Or even as he, the stricken one,
Who writhes beneath the piercing steel.

I gaze, and gazing, clear and fair
Springing in beauty from the ground,
Stands forth the royal city† there,
And there, when evening gathers round,
Still, lonely, still it stands like *Kwei*,‡
A rock-built eyry stretching to the sky.

The glorious orb of heaven is gone
Beneath the wave that trembles by,
And still I linger, gazing on
The stars that gem the southern sky,
Gleaming on yonder snow-white towers,
Bright, beautiful, as glittering flowers!

* H.M.S. *Vixen*.
† The city of Victoria.
‡ Explained to mean a place built on a rock.

The glorious orb is gone, and tears
  Of sorrow dim my flowing eyes,
As from before me disappears
  The evanescent Paradise.
I sink in sleep—The lovely town
  Is ever present to me still,
And in my vision, pouring down
Its thousand streams o'er all the hill
I see **the Fragrant Incense Urn,***
And downwards then my gaze I turn,
And sparkling in the sheeny air
I view the nested mansions there.

Within my soul on sorrow fed
  The loved remembrance thus I trace,
Thus joys, alas! for ever fled
  In memory find a cherished place,
And cling about this heart of mine
As round yon cliffs the tendrils twine.

Chang'd is the scene! and pale and bright
  Those parting clouds the moon peeps through,
And spangles with her dewy light
  The feathery spraylets of bamboo,
And streaks the shrubby jessamin
That arches all the islet in.

* Hongkong.

Again the change! on that vast height
The myriad dwellings of the isle
Spring swiftly to my wondering sight,
And on them starts with rosy light
The silent morning sun to smile;
Gorgeous and grand he rears his head,
And rises from his golden bed.

Fair vision! yet how lately here
The fisher lov'd his hut to rear,
Sole tenant of the dreary soil,
The lonesome lord of all the isle!
And where are now those fishermen?
And where the huts that hous'd them then?
Gone—gone as swallows southward fly,
When russet Autumn dulls the sky.

Thus on your Sea-bark borne away
In the now white-mark'd year *yeh-szé*,
I leave your Empire bearing back
A burden on my homeward track,
And as my pencil glides along
I pour my sorrow in my song.

Like Kow Héang,* small is my store
Of fame—like Lew Héang* I've taught
The sayings of the wise of yore,
But vain the care, the profit naught.

* Worthies of classic fame in Chinese History.

For mean am I—a very child—
And as the worthless colt and wild,
With hide unkempt and ragged mane,
That roams unheeded o'er the plain.

(Signed) AN OLD FRIEND
OF THE DIAMOND HALL WROTE THIS.*

* A complimentary term for the members of the Imperial College.

KEYING'S FAREWELL.

This is the place—stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.—*Longfellow.*

THE name of KEYING is tolerably familiar to Europeans. It was in the month of March, 1848, that, after some years of perilous navigation through the troubled waters of diplomacy, he received the final permission of the Emperor to resign the Governor-Generalship of the two Kwang Provinces, and with it the office of High Commissioner for Foreign Affairs.

It must have been with unmixed feelings of pleasure that he turned his face Northward, if we may judge from the way in which he expresses himself in this Song, which I cannot help regarding as a positive curiosity of literature.

For the literal rendering from the original Chinese and for the necessary explanation of the allusions to the Chinese Classics I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Wade, C.B., Secretary of Legation at Peking.

The original, which purports to be written "by one about to have audience of His Majesty the Emperor to give an account of his Stewardship," consists of six stanzas of heptameters, each stanza comprising eight lines; but the antithesis of form if not of matter is so marked between the four former and the four latter lines, that I have found a division of the stanzas throughout necessary to a rendering of the spirit of the composition.

From what I can gather, Chinese Poetry of the present day—that is, the occasional Verses in which the Literati of the Country

delight to exercise themselves—has but little originality in it, being hardly more than a stringing together of "posies culled" from the gardens of their old classic authors; and as far as I can judge the greater portion of these effusions is made up of puerile similes, and the general idea conveyed to a foreign ear or intellect is the monotony of antithesis.

Mr. WADE in his valuable "Note on the Government and Condition of the Chinese Empire in 1849-50," observes, "that "their poetry, rich in figurative beauties, is remarkable for vague-"ness and repetition."

I venture, however, to think that this valedictory Ode of KEYING is of more than ordinary worth, and certainly the circumstances under which it was composed contribute to it a peculiar interest.

He sets out on his return to the Capital, and at one of the halting stations on the border of the Kwangtung Province, he addresses himself to the Officials, Gentry, and Literati of Canton, with whom his connection is now severed for ever.

The career of KEYING, as now known to us, and his final end, had better be passed over in silence here.

IN Southern lands where far Meiling*
  Lifts to the skies his mountain form,
The rosy-colour'd tints of spring,
  Of lovely spring were glowing warm,
When his benign command† was given—
  Oh, full as falls the welcome rain,
Or plenteous as the dew from Heaven,
  His gracious bounty falls amain.

* A hill range, between the Kwangtung and Kiangsi Provinces. The name is derived from the *plum-tree* that grows in abundance on the slopes. A writer in the Chinese Repository says they are more correctly termed the Nan-ling, or Southern Mountains.

† Literally "the floss of Silk," to express the pleasurable nature of the order.

My Lord has heard and grants my prayer,
He bids me to his Court repair,
And I once more with heart elate
Shall gaze upon the Phœnix gate.*
Yet, friends, grief throbs the swelling heart
As strikes the thought that here we part,
Here we must sing the wonted lay
That speeds the traveller on his way.

For seven long years my troubled breast
  Has yearn'd towards my Master's face,
For seven long years it knew not rest—
  But now see care to joy give place!
Though still another thought will rise—
  What shall of all my deeds be said,
Done in a distant land that lies
  Far from where shines his presence dread?
Be calm, my soul, nor yield to fear,
All feel his influence far and near,
Dazzled the outer nations own
The light of his celestial throne,
And heard no more shall be the sound
Of waves in all the seas around. †
The tiger moves with stately tread,
  On stately wing the dragon soars,‡

* Leading into the forbidden precinct on the South of the Imperial Palace.

† The waves of commotion in the sea of politics, a metaphor used by Horace, 1 *Carm.* 1. 14; also by Cicero.

‡ Figurative expressions for advancement in office.

To Kiangnan his order sped
And bade me seek the southern shores;*
But, oh, my rubied † heart was sore,
For years and moons are past away,
The honours of my head are gray,
And I am worthless, nothing more
Than the vile soil that lies below
The turbid streamlet's onward flow.

Peace still has been my constant aim,
Although my word was little weighed,
For now to prop a broken frame
I need the drug's renewing aid, ‡
I feel old age come creeping on,
Oh, then how surely blest am I,
That I shall see once more the sun
Enthron'd amid the clouds on high! §
Oh, with what joy shall I behold
The mien of heaven in hues of gold
Dart thro' the mist its quickening ray,[1]
The mist that melts at rising day!

* He was Governor-General of the more Northern Provinces, the two Kiang, when Elipu died in March, 1843, whom he succeeded as Imperial High Commissioner at Canton.

† Red, or loyal.

‡ Literally, the ginger and the cassia, spices supposed to reinvigorate old and worn-out men.

§ *I.e.* the sun or light of the Imperial presence.

And years are come, and years are fled,
  And clouds still circled round my car,*
  And life roll'd on in plains afar
Where rears Meiling his lofty head,
And still I strove to point my ways
  As public honor loves to go,
And counsel gave in kindly phrase
  To all around me and below,
And those who with me steer'd the state
Shar'd with the people love and hate ;†
And hence the happy people call
My rule a rule of joy for all ;
And when the war-note sounded high
The soldiers answer'd to the cry ;
Not Kiàu Yàu‡ himself more zeal
Show'd fighting for the common weal.

Who knows not of the great of old
  When gush'd the fierce Cawana's blood ? §

* *Clouds*, as removed from the light of the presence.

† A compliment to the Civil Officers, or parents of the people. In his Treatise on Government, known as the Ta Hioh, or learning for adults, Confucius lays down "that the prince must love that which the people love, and hate that which they hate."

‡ A compliment to the Military, comparing them to a celebrated general under the Han, B.C. 80.

§ This is said to have taken place about A.D. 800 in the Kwangtung Province. The hero's name was Han Yu ; he sacrificed a sheep and a pig to the divinity of the Sea, and delivered the country in seven days from the alligator that infested it.

And songs ennoble him, the bold,
Whose arrows stemm'd the rushing flood! *
Oh, had it been my favor'd fate
The oil of lasting peace to fling
O'er all the ocean-plain of late
Deep ruffl'd by the monster king, †
Then had I, mindless of my years,
Forgotten all my toils and fears,
Stood before *him*‡ with honest pride,
The needless corslet thrown aside,
The brand of battle sheathed at last,
The vict'ry won, the labour past!

Behold, in this pavilion fair
The parting draught is lifted up,
But ah, the sorrow centred there!
Dash down, dash down the joyless cup.
Oh, comrades of the Pearly Stream,§
Speak forth aloud, and tell to fame

* This is told not of a general, but of the prince of a small state in Chekiang Province, who led out his troops to fire with bows and a sort of balister upon an inundation of the Sea, and turned it back.

† The metaphor of the *Sea of Politics* is kept up, and the "monster king" apparently means the British Government. Keying would seem to have misgivings about the endurance of the peace between the two countries, founded, it might be on the unconciliating spirit of his successor, Sü.

‡ Him, the Emperor.

§ The Ta Ho, or River on which Canton stands, commonly known as the Chookiang, or Pearl River.

If I have justly held the beam,
And prov'd the honor of your name ;
Though with bent brow and lab'ring breast
In mercy was my rage represt,
When *you* have felt the bitter pain,
My heart responsive throbb'd again,
And I have seen in that dread hour
The strength of your avenging power.*
Yet, see, the parting cup we drain
And o'er it are our hearts entwined,
At every halt I draw the rein,
And give my sighs forth to the wind—
The glories of the spring, alas!
Four times† have pour'd their garish sheen,
Dimly as through the mountain pass
The weary traveller's steed is seen ;
And as I turn me homeward now,
The sight of yonder cloud-capp'd brow
Again calls up the time gone by,
And woes again the heaving sigh.

But neath the peak of far Lofóu‡
Once more the waking spring light burns,

* His meaning is—though the pacific policy to which I have inclined out of consideration to the people, has given no opportunity for a display of martial heroism, I have seen of how much you were capable, whenever there has been occasion for you to exert yourselves.

† Although "for *seven* long years" he had been absent from the Imperial Court, he had passed but *four* springs in the South.

‡ A hill at no great distance from Canton city.

And dancing in the fragrance now
Of thousand flowers my bark* returns,
Bursts forth the glorious sun of spring,
And gilds my Court with radiance rare,
And from the wall the banners fling
Their waving folds upon the air;
And here where rests my journey's tent,
How genial is the perfumed scent,
Shed by the fair, the sweet lichee,
From out the gardens balmily!—

Once more the cup, the parting cup,
'Tis mine again to flash the steel,
Not yet my strength is shrunken up,
And I would tell ye all I feel—
Here for a time the load I rest
So long upon my shoulder borne—
Let care be banish'd from the breast
And let us cease awhile to mourn.
In you my brothers I confide
Your wisdom prov'd, your conduct tried,
For well I know to you is given
The unerring power that comes from Heaven,
The nether world to regulate,
And rule aright the public state.

* Literally "fairy or mythic bark."—The word employed describes a boat which, in the time of the Tang, ascended to Heaven by way of the Yellow River.

On high have roll'd the spangl'd cars,
  On earth has fallen the nightly dew,
As fell the dew, as roll'd the stars,
  My hair has worn a whiter hue,
Again upon the mountain track
  I draw the rein, and check the steed,
But still the busy thought comes back
  That all my care the nurslings* need—
Fain would I throw my mantle round,
But age unmeet for toil is found,
And yet from off my brow to tear
The sign of service shall I dare?

No! Heaven forbid—though not more worth
  Than stubble on the fallow lea,
Still let me step energic forth,
  And counsel peace, that peace may be.
Though like the humble mallow flower
  Among the plants of nobler fame,
Far be from me the ungrateful hour
  When I forget my country's claim!
Farewell—farewell—the time is near—
I count the glories of the year—
The moon shall shine with silvery pride
In the deep warmth of Summer tide,

* Literally *plants*, but meaning *the people*.

"Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
"*Plants* of thy hand, and children of thy prayer."—
Pope—Eloisa to Abelard.

And I shall leave my lowly bower,
And hasten to the Phœnix Tower,*
What time grey morn o'er flood and fell
Sheds rosy light—farewell—farewell !—

* He means that he shall hasten to the morning levee held by the Emperor in the Phœnix Tower. See above.

THE MAN OF LOO.

(From the *New Heŏ*, or *Female Instructor*, a work by *Luchow* of Fokien.)

TSEW HOOTSZE of Loo married a wife, and five days after the marriage left her to fill an office to which he had been appointed in the state Chin, where he remained for many years.—Returning home at last, he saw, as he approached his house, a woman picking mulberries, and entered into conversation with her, but she continued her occupation without looking at him. "You "labour," said TSEW, "as if a famine were near, and you give "more attention to mulberries than to a lord of the land—I am "ready to give you yellow gold, fair lady." But the lady answered, "Begone, I wish the gold of no man." TSEW passed on to his house, found his mother, and handed her his money—The mother called his wife, who, she said, was in the mulberry field; TSEW'S astonishment was great when he saw in his wife the lady with whom he had just spoken. She thus upbraided him. "You saw and were stricken with a pretty face; in this "you forgot your wife; you offered to throw away your gold; "in this you forgot your mother. In both respects you were un-"dutiful—Neglect your parents, and you will be faithless to your "prince; be unmindful of your family, and you will be unjust in "office; when social duty and public justice are uncared for, "trouble is at hand. I wish you to marry another."

She then went down to the neighbouring river, and drowned herself, leaving this scroll for her husband:

A VERSE from her who half her life has trimm'd the lamp alone,
From out the watery deep where death now claims her for his own:
Oh, slender is a husband's love,
Frail as the wither'd leaf,
Gods! take me to your seats above,
And snatch me from my grief.
Ice is not purer, brighter than
The virtue of his wife!
And why should I moan out the span
Of transitory life?
He offered me the yellow gold,
He called me ladie fair,
Oh, man of Loo, oh, bad and bold,
What wrongs are mine to bear!
I spurn'd him when he mincingly
Drew near with converse gay,
I said: false man, away with thee,
I wish no gold—away!—
There was a time—but now 'tis o'er—
The husband, lover, friend—
All three, alas! to be no more,
For this—this is the end!
From out the watery deep where death now claims her for his own,
These lines from one who half her life has trimm'd the lamp alone.

PATIENCE.

PIH JIN KO,

An Ode or Poem on Self-control by an unknown Author.

This trifle is characteristic of the literature of the country, being a string of the antitheses that abound in Oriental Poetry. It was found by a contributor to the Chinese Repository in a small volume containing two others, also anonymous, on Filial Duty and the Good Man.

It is here attempted to dress it in decasyllabic verse, as most suited to the nature of the subject.

PATIENCE of all domestic worth the spring,
The source of good and peaceful rule, I sing.

With patience summer's heat is little felt,
And ice by patience has been known to melt,
Poortith is happy, and the patient man
Finds his life lengthen'd to a longer span.

Sublimest virtue! 'neath thy guiding star
Fame brighter shines, and riches richer are,
But thee without small ills shall change to great,
And love and duty shall be turn'd to hate,
In their impatience son and sire shall part,
In brothers perish all a brother's heart,

Friends shall no more in friendly task engage,
And wife and husband in the strife shall rage.

See LEW, a man by general acclaim
Rob'd in the glory of an honour'd name,
Reckless in wine, he spurns thy guardian care,
And all his honours are but empty air;
See CHIN, his passions failing to restrain,
Tarnish the grandeur of a kingly reign,
SHEIH, careless of his purse, awake to know
Himself and house o'erwhelm'd in deepest woe,
While HEANG YU, impatient of control,
Plays his last stake and throws away the whole.
Behold KOW, injur'd, brooding o'er the past,
But patience brings him triumph at the last,
While TAN, forgetful of the golden mean,
Departs in sorrow from this earthly scene;
Some like SZE TIH are wise and own thy rule,
When CHAOU who mocks thee stands confest a fool;
HAN sorely tempted listened still to thee,
But hasty YUNG lost life and liberty;
In his impatience HWANG self-slaughter'd fell,
And his shade settled in the depths of hell,
While CHANG, obedient to the sprite's command,
By the swift river took his tranquil stand,*

* Chang Leang was bidden by an angel in disguise to stand upon the bank of a river in order to try his patience. He was laughed at by people, but heeded not. After a time the angel rewarded him with a divine book on the art of war, and studying it, he became a renowned warrior.

Receiv'd the God-sent gift that patience won,
Then forth he strode his warrior course to run,
And to all after ages left a name
Engrav'd by patience on the scroll of fame.

Then patience of all other good the spring
And source of every virtue let me sing.

Yes, it were well to bear what others shun,
The wise stand suffering when the foolish run ;
To sooth the passions and the mind restrain,
To hold the lower place, is very gain.
Patience ! the word is virtue's lowest root
And branches upward to the topmost shoot,
'Mong tribes barbarian it commands success,
Powerful the madding tumult to repress,
Calls up the Godhood that we feel within,
In cold and hunger strives a name to win,
Thro' toil and labour comforts will ensure,
And keeps the temple of the body pure.
His erring kindred shall one spare and love?
He shall be cherish'd of the Gods above—
Shall he his craving appetite deny?
The lives of thousands shall be saved thereby*—
Or shall he learn to curb a tattling tongue?
Not his to crawl the slanderous crowd among—
Let him forbear, nor mingle in the strife,
No longer hatred mars his even life—

* The allusion is probably to the idea of impropriety in the slaughter of animals for human food.

Patient before abuse he proves his power
To quell the factious in a stormy hour.
  See one his head in patient study bend,
And learning's honours on his house descend,
See him from angry contest gently cease,
And rest his buried ancestors in peace,
Or from mean avarice refrain, and lo,
The Gods their mantle o'er his seed shall throw!
  Then be it known as wide as spreads the sky
So vast is patience, and her sphere as high,
And spurn her not because in Seric tongue
Over the heart she holds the falchion hung,*
Nor laugh ye vainly with the mocking throng
When Patience walks the humble paths along,
For when the toil is past, the combat won,
Through all the crowd the shout of praise shall run,
With her all blessings come by gift divine,
And cares are all forgotten at her shrine.

Thus Patience of all good the heavenly spring,
And Virtue's fountain, it is mine to sing.

* This has reference to the form of the Chinese character by which the word patience is expressed, and the fancied resemblance therein to a dagger over a heart.

THE HANYANG THISTLE.

In explanation of these lines it must be stated that they had their origin in a visit to the hill and fort of Hanyang.

Hanyang is to Hankow (an open port nearly 600 miles up the Yang-tze-kiang) somewhat like Stonehouse to Plymouth, Wo-chang-foo, the great military Station across the river, being the Devonport.

The city of Hankow is on the east side of the river Han where it debonches into the Great River, Hanyang is on the other. During the Taiping Rebellion great contests took place for the possession of these ports, and three times in the course of the few years antecedent to 1861 were the Imperialists driven thence by the insurgents, three times recovering the position. — The cruelties perpetrated on both sides would be almost incredible if they were detailed.

On the 2nd May, 1861, I was in the fort of Hanyang with a party of friends, one of whom spied a thistle growing on the rampart and presented it to me as a representative of the Country of which the thistle is the emblem.

The result of the incident was the following :

Strange that upon this distant hill,
Within this fort, this leaguer'd height,
Where love the sons of Han to spill
Fraternal blood in savage fight,

Where thrice within these later years
  Has rung the cry of civic strife,
Mid flaunting flags and braggart spears,
  And swords that lightly reck of life,
Where loyal cowardice has fled
  The riot-wrath of rebel men,
And then, corruption's triumph sped,
  Troop'd back in bastard pride again ;
Where cruelty with fiendish glee
  Has watch'd the oozing blood run warm,
And hounds of hell have smil'd to see
  How writh'd the maiden's tender form—
A scene where all man's passions rage
  And lie against his god-given birth,
A blot on human history's page,
  A darkness o'er the light of earth ;—

Strange that within this guarded lair
  A flower—a little flower—is found,
And seems to mock the very air
  That breathes its sickening taint around.
Yes—raising up its beauteous blue
  I see my country's emblem here,
To manhood and to Scotland true,
  What Robin calls "the symbol dear."*

* The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
  Among the bearded bear,
I turn'd my weeder-clips aside,
  And spar'd the symbol dear.
Burns.

Nature's bold nursling! say what chance
Hath borne thee from far other plains?
Hast thou no shame to bend thy glance
On reeking brands and gory chains?
Not by the turbid Ta Kiang *
First grew in peace thy parent root,
The blood-stain'd hummock of Hanyang
Thy purity may poorly suit!

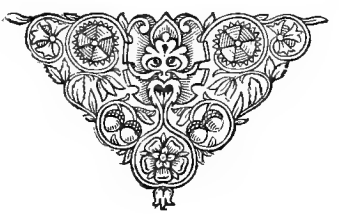
What dost thou here, where barb'rous men
Have fix'd their lawless battle-ground?
Better for thee the silent glen
Or where the shepherd's pipe shall sound;
Better to nod thy bristly head
Where the old Grampian summits rise,
Than find a mean unhonour'd bed
'Neath the rank glare of China's skies;
Better to bloom among the brave,
The true, the gentle, and the free,
Than with the savage and the knave
Associate ingloriously;
And oh! how better far to know
That heavenward wings its way thro' air
The Christian hymn, and sweetly flow
The solemn words of Christian prayer,
Than listen to the childish cant,
The sciolism of mummers here,

* The Yang-tze-kiang (child of the Ocean) is really known among the natives as Ta-kiang, the Great River.

The blasphemy and Babel-rant
That foul God's holy atmosphere!

The scroll, that round thy graven form
Each Scottish heart is proud to trace,
Ill suits it with the vapid storm
And weakness of a blustering race:
"None shall unscath'd provoke me": there
Well speaks the sturdy Scottish mind,
But babes this coistril crowd might dare
And drive as chaff before the wind—
What dost thou here? As well might be
A ship upon the mountain-height,
A stone-wrought pyramid at sea,
Or sun-shine mid the shades of night;—
Dost seek to link fair Scotland's fates
With those of treacherous Cathay?
Not here, where clos'd are Mercy's gates
And Honour warns away, away—
Not here should Scotland's chosen flower
Mingle its leaves with villain dust,
And idly watch each changing hour
The deeds of rapine and of lust.
Can thy proud vegetable blood
Feed on the soil that bears a slave,
Dear Thistle, sign of hardihood,
And emblem of the leal and brave?
Thy native place is far away
By Caledonia's mountain-rills,

Thy little life should have its day
Beneath the shadow of our hills,
Back with me to our proper isle,
Plant of an heritage divine,
I pluck thee from the unworthy soil,
It fits not Freedom's name, nor thine!



THE CAVE OF CAMOENS.

THE name of Macao is associated with several celebrities, whose fame is more or less known to the world; of these may be mentioned our own countrymen MORRISON the Sinologue, and CHINNERY the Painter, and the Portuguese padre, GONCALVES, also known for his researches in Chinese literature; but the one man whose renown is still more splendidly connected with it is LUIZ DE CAMOENS, who wrote here a great part of his immortal poem "Os Lusiades" the Lusiad.

This has been well styled the epic poem of commerce; its subject is the discovery of India by *Vasco de Gama;* it is supposed to have been commenced in Goa about 1554, and continued in Macao, whither CAMOENS was shortly afterwards banished, as Ovid to Tomos,* for some offence given to the Authorities. Here he lived for five years, holding an office correspondent to that of Administrator of Intestate Estates with us, and returning to Goa, was wrecked near the river Mekon in Camboja, saving nothing but his life and his poem, which latter he preserved by holding it in his hand above his head as he buffeted the waves in his course to shore; thus furnishing another parallel to Roman History, in imitation of CÆSAR, who similarly secured his famous Commentaries in the Bay of Alexandria.

The work has had the high honour of translation into English,

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* Since penning the above I find that on a previous exile for a similar offence, from Lisbon to Santarem, CAMOENS himself made the same comparison as I have here suggested.

French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, Hebrew, and possibly other languages.

The spot where he used to sit in his hours of composition is still pointed out with pride by the Macaenses, as the cave of CAMOENS.

It was on a summer Sunday afternoon that I persuaded a quaint and very unpoetical friend to accompany me on a visit to the place.

After a long and devious course we came upon the matter sought; it stands on rising ground, and is formed by two massive rocks, which seem to have been cleft asunder; along their top lies a huge bolder of granite, from the upper surface of which a fine view may be enjoyed of the Taipa, the inner Harbour, Lantao, and the far-stretching sea beyond; below the two rocks is a space which should be termed rather a grotto than a cave, and in the centre is the bust of the poet, placed on a monumental structure, on the sides of which are inscribed six stanzas selected from his poem.

The bust has been recently replaced, the one formerly there having disappeared, as we learn from the very neat Latin Alcaics of SIR JOHN DAVIS, composed in honour of the poet and the place. These have been more than once published, and the Editor of the Chinese Repository in one of his issues gave what he called a translation of them by the Chaplain of the United States Frigate *Columbia.*

It is to be taken for granted that the worthy Chaplain was better versed in theological doctrine than in the laws of metre, and to be regretted that the bull's eye of his *lucerna pedibus* was not turned upon the feet of his verse; and the Editor, *if his friend*, can only apologize to the Chaplain for the publication, by a frank confession that he was equally ignorant of the rules of rhythm.

After this animadversion I may be thought bold in presenting my own rendering of the Alcaics mentioned, but thus it runs:

HERE, mid far rocks where Phœbus pours
Through the deep leaves a soften'd ray,
Rose where the muse in beauty soars
The fire of Camoens' glowing lay.

And here of old the poet's form,
Song-lit, in clearest marble shone,
And gilded with a sacred charm
The grot he lov'd 'ere life was gone.

But this have impious hands o'erthrown,
Or age, alas! has wrought its doom;
And now sad silence rules alone
These rocks and verdant shades of gloom!

Still rests with us his glorious name,
Still sound the breathings of his lyre,
In these shall live the poet's fame,
Nor monument of brass require.

Thus virtue reigns; and aye shall reign
Even to the farthest bounds of day;
She holds sepulchral honours vain,
And death, and marble's swift decay.

A QUATRAIN,

Composed by Chaou Yung, during the reign of Shin Tsung of the Sung Dynasty—A.D. 1068—1085.

THE moon that gleams above so bright
The Zephyrs that beneath her light
  O'er the lake gently blow,
Breathe into every human breast
A sweet calm tranquil sense of rest,
  That few may truly know.

FROM THE YEW HËO SHETEE;

or, Didactic Odes for the use of Children.

THE hue of a mountain is not to be told
By the traveller who looks on its height from afar,
And distance is powerless the name to unfold
Though high be the peak, and dark-frowning the scar.

TRIFLES FROM THE TARTAR.

I.—THE MALADY.

THE Mollah came: I pray'd him in kindness to devise
A cure for sickness felt within, but hid from human eyes;
The Mollah peer'd into my face, and said—What ails
ye now?
There's madness in your fiery glance and fever on your
brow—
Then open'd I my heart to him, and like a plaining
dove,
I said—oh Mollah! oh my soul! alas—I am in love.

II.—THE PROPOSAL.

AN home I have rear'd for the light of mine eyes,
A mansion unequall'd in splendour and size;
The stairs are all burnish'd and bright to behold,
And the corridors gleam with the radiance of gold;
Or, when from thy nest, pretty bird, wilt thou flee
To that dwelling that's sacred to love and to thee?

WRITTEN AFTER A TAIFOONG* IN HONGKONG.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."—*St. John*, iii. 8.

"To what great ends subservient is the wind."—*Blair.*

WHENCE cometh the wind? Is its marvellous birth
In the depths of the sea, or the corners of earth?
In the cavern of fiends, or the seat of the blest?
Oh, who shall discover the home of its rest?

Whither goeth the wind? lo, it sweeps o'er the plain,
And scarce is it past ere we feel it again!
All know when it moves—yet the course of its flight
Is wrapt in the fathomless shades of the night.

* Commonly known as *Typhoon*, and in Cyclopedias and Dictionaries derived from the Greek. This is quite an error; the proper form of the word is as given here, and it is compounded of two Chinese words, signifying "great wind." Thus lexicology or science distorted the word, and found for it a false origin.

Is it substance? ah, no! for what sign may be shown,
What relic to mark that its being is known?
How haps it that in its mysterious round
Nor a proof to be grasped, nor a token is found?

An idea? a spirit? then whence may it be
That the stamp of its power and its fury we see?
The turret hurl'd down from the battlement's height,
And the forest uprooted are marks of its might.

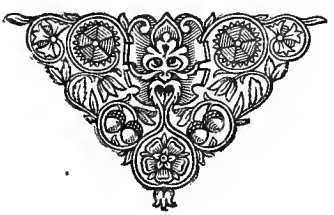
Is it evil? Go—ask of the zephyr that blows
All its cherishing warmth o'er the leaves of the rose—
Or ask of the favouring breeze that speeds home
The mariner's bark thro' the weary sea-foam.

Is it good? Alas! seek the sad wave-stricken shores,
Where howls the taifoong, or the hurricane roars,
When a moment has scatter'd the riches of years,
And the death-shriek is lost in the groans of the spheres.

It comes from The Great One, and flies back again
To Him who alone shall its madness restrain,
To God, who controls it, or bids it go free
To hold the wild revel o'er earth and o'er sea.

He rules the dark wind in His palm—at His will
It is gentle for good, or it rages for ill—
He looses the zephyr—at His potent word
The blast of the ruthless tornado is heard.

'Tis a myst'ry more sacred and pure than the lore
And the dreams of the sages of earth shall explore,
For not unto man hath it ever been given
To learn the inscrutable secrets of Heaven!



HORACE,

CARM. I. 31, IMITATED;

On the Occasion of the Foundation of St. John's Cathedral, Victoria, Hongkong, 11th March, 1847.

WHAT asks the poet of his God,
To whom this church we dedicate?
What prays he for as neath the sod
The corner-stone is laid in state?
He asks not for the teeming fields
That Devon's fruitful county yields,
Nor for the herbage-cropping steers
That Leicester in its pastures rears,
Not ivory carved by Seric hands
He seeks, nor gold, and not the lands
That with his gently gliding wave
Old father Thames delights to lave.
Let those to whom their lot may grant
To cultivate the Kentish plant

Toil on, and let the merchant drain
From golden cups the costly wine,
That China's traffic, rich in gain,
Commands upon his board to shine—
Surely Heaven's favourite is he,
For that unharmed of ruthless winds,
Through the Indian and Atlantic sea
Each year that coast his vessel finds--
For me I'll live on humble fare
And what thy bounty may prepare,
But great Creator, hear my prayer,
And grant me healthful mind !
And when at last old age comes round,
Oh God ! let me not then be found
With broken powers and frame unsound,
Unhonoured of my kind !

THE SUN OF HONGKONG.

Hunc tu caveto.
Horace.

"Oh, mother, weeping over thy departing boy about to encounter the dangers of that unknown clime, persuade him, command him as he loves life and home to shrink from that sun as from a taming and untameable foe.

"How many a one have I known in the pride of vigour and consciousness of manly power smilingly despise the warning thus seriously given—The sun hurt him! nonsense—has he not often ridden in the meridian blaze to sit at the feet of the Colonel's daughter in Sikeragully, or been out in the full glare of day shooting snipe through the open paddy-grounds of Wussernorbad? Did the sun of India, rage as it might, ever affect him? Was he ever sick or fearful of the sun during a long sojourn in Mauritius or Trinidad?

"So be it—but, *experto crede Roberto*, believe an experience of many years, there is something *peculiar* in the Sun of Hongkong—Observe the careless in this matter, and what is too often the result?—It may be that like the child of the Shunammite he feels pained about the head,—or he experiences a sickness at the stomach—he is rallied for looking perhaps flushed, perhaps pale—his brain may be touched, or his liver affected—it may be that unable to account for his depression he has resort to a stimulant, or faintly conscious of his danger he retires and seeks medical advice—or, again, it may be, as I have known it more than once, that he is struck down suddenly on the hill-side and borne home

in others' arms, his heavy stertorous breathing the sole index to life !—

"But whatever the mode in which the fatal stroke be dealt, there he lies on the bed from which he rose in health this morning, motionless, insensate, dead—and there group his friends around, gazing in the sorrow of silence on his quickly fading form, and shaping variously to their inward selves the fact, undoubted at last, that the final life-scene is finished, and that he has fallen before the enemy that could *never hurt him.*

"Now stand aside there and throw back the curtain—let the garish beams of day fall full upon that couch—let the rutilant rays of that branding sun flicker in triumph over the corpse—let them dance tremulously on the blackening features—what matters it? it don't hurt him—true at last—*it does not hurt him—not now !*"

I AM the Sun of Hongkong—
  Who is there that knows not my power?
When I dart forth my rays
I set brains in a blaze,
  And then mortals dread the death-hour.
They sicken, they fall, and they die,
  No skill can their being prolong,
And I laugh in my heart,
As I watch their vain art,
  For I am the Sun of Hongkong !

What sword shall be put in their hands?
  What armour the fated ones wear?
No armour—no sword—
Shall a refuge afford,
  When I in my might shall appear.

Let them bow to my death dealing stroke,
  Can the weak hope to baffle the strong?
Let them throw down the shield
And prepare them to yield,
  Ay—yield to the Sun of Hongkong!

And when in the earth they are laid,
  And hushed their wails and their groans,
Rich banquet the worms
Shall have on their forms,
  And house in their marrowless bones;
And the beetle shall clatter his wing,
  And drone forth the funeral song,
And in triumph I'll wave
My beams o'er the grave,
  The beams of the Sun of Hongkong!

LINES WRITTEN ON A SICK BED IN HONGKONG.

WHY sing me no sweet songs to-day,
Dull bird, from yon old leafless bough?
All nature 'neath the sun's bright ray
Is glad, and why not thou?

Is it that thy maternal breast
Sorrows to know thy younglings torn
Rudely from out their secret nest
Within the sheltering thorn?

Or is it that the fowler's gun
Has scared thee with a harsh affright?
Say, whence the cause, thou voiceless one,
Thy notes no more delight?

Remember 'tis an ancient say,
And I but speak it for thy good,
That he who sings not when he may
Shall sing not when he would.*

* He that wold not when he mighte
He shall not when he wold-a—
The Baffled knight—old ballad.—(See Percy Reliques).

Still silent ! let me fancy why—
  Mayhap the land is not thine own,
And thou from some more genial sky
    Fate-borne art hither flown.

Ha, dost thou roll the conscious eye?
  Do I thine inward grief divine?
With thee and me dwells sympathy,
    Sad bird, thy care is mine !

I cannot sing in foreign clime—
  Slave to the unchanging heart's command,
My tuneless tongue but ill can rhyme
    Far from my native land.

I would not hear thee sing again,
  Sweet bird, the songs that made me glad,
Kind memory brings a soothing pain,
    And bids my soul be sad.

1850.

GOD'S ACRE.

DEATH rides in every passing breeze
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

* * * * *

Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Heber.

"'I LIKE,' says Longfellow, 'the ancient Saxon phrase that calls the Burial Ground 'God's Acre,' and it is of our God's Acre in the valley of the Wongnaichong that I am thinking now; that spot to which, sometimes with the Dead March in Saul sounding in my ears, sometimes in solemn silence, as sacred, as impressive, I have so frequently accompanied the slow funeral procession that paid the last honours to some valued friend, snatched from us on earth, and

'taken
'In his fair and glorious prime.'

"Yet the subject is no new one, and the less so to a hardened inhabitant of the Colony. 'Tis no wonder,' says Lucian of Samosata, 'if being man, I died.' 'We and ours are due to death,' said one before him, but why seek to prove the common truism?—no need to go to Greek or Roman, Poet or Philosopher, to be told the old, old story that men are dying around us every day.

"The peculiarity of Death amongst us in Hongkong is its frequency considered with reference to the comparative scantiness of the European population, and still more the fact of that population being either young or in the full strength of manhood, for the Nestors in our camp are few.

* * * * *

"But not mine the intention to homilize over 'the sacred store-house'—and still, still less to bid cry with plump and graceless Jack over the wine-cup at East Cheap, 'Do not speak like a death's head, do not bid me remember mine end.'—

"There lie so many in the Wongnaichong with whom I have eaten and drunk, and lived and journeyed, been grave and merry, and read and wrought, that my pen will linger over the memory of what has been and shall be no more.

"One lies there* in his 'wormy bed' who travelled hither with me, and young, hopeful, loving and earnest, thought the world at his feet. Things moved successfully and his affianced joined him. His, little more than two years of wedded happiness —matrimony—paternity—and then

'God's finger touched him and he slept'—

"And another,† than for whom no purer sorrow ever welled up in human breast, or pour'd its unchecked course from human eye—

* * * * *

"Aye, the young and old lie there! the sturdily working father and the mother's feeble frame—the bride but shortly landed on the shore—the prosperous man late planning a return to the early home where loving arms are vainly stretched to fold him—the old sailor whose thin thread of life would hold no longer—

* See the Sonnet. † See the Stanzas.

the young soldier stricken and shattered in his work of duty—the learned in the healing art, powerless to heal himself—the trader, having piled his treasures and left them to his heir—the basely murdered, and more basely slandered after death—the little child too tender for life's battle in a land like this—the debauched driveller that abused God's gifts to his own hurt—the strong man called from a generous pastime in his pride of power and fulness of lustihood—and that singular scholar who passed from his missions, his manuscripts, and his monies, a paradox and a mystery to all."

SONNET ON J. P., BURIED IN THE WONG-NAICHONG.

I KNEW him when his honest soul was sway'd
By one chief ruling power—that power was love—
I saw him when in sight of God above
With her the sacred, solemn vow was made
That bound them to each other—I survey'd
With a friend's joy the perfect happiness
That shone around his daily path of bliss;
And then—I watch'd him in the grave-yard laid!
And as I strew'd the dust upon his bier,
Through me the shock of conscious frailty ran,
And I could not repress the rising tear,
For since, methought, when first his life began,
How short the time until Death stretch'd him here!
Oh, in thy mercy, Lord, do thou remember man!

Dec., 1847.

STANZAS ON ONE BURIED IN THE WONG-NAICHONG CEMETERY.

WEEP not for her—for she is gone
Unto a holier, happier land,
Where angels round the heavenly throne
Enrol her of their sacred band;
Where all with radiant smiles is bright,
And every tear-drop chas'd away,
There in the flood of living light
'Tis hers thro' bowers of bliss to stray—

Weep not for her—though she has left
The friends that saw and lov'd her worth,
And think not of her as bereft
Of all the joys she knew on earth;
Earth has no joys to mete with those
That now are hers in realms above,
She wins, in place of earthly woes,
The earnest of a father's love—

Weep not for her—but rather strive
To follow in the path she trod,
So may thy soul at death revive
Within the bosom of thy God.—
Then be this end thy constant care,
Nor still the glorious course defer,
And thus shalt thou hereafter share
Her bliss—but, oh, weep not for her!

June, 1852.

"HODIE MIHI, CRAS TIBI,"

INSCRIBED OVER THE GATEWAY OF A BURIAL GROUND IN HONGKONG.

THE mystic scroll above his head
Is seen by each one passing by,
And some, in gentle lore unread,
May mark the line, unknowing why—
Pause whosoe'er thou art, tho' late,
Yet late, a wholesome thought to borrow
From the words big with human fate,
To-day for me—for thee to-morrow!

For thee, as who his hidden lot
Shall tell in this unequal clime?
Where now we are—and now are not!
Haply for thee, before thy time—
Man! take it to that heart of thine,
Warning alike in joy and sorrow;
Act, act upon the solemn sign,
To-day for me—for thee to-morrow!

1856.

THE TEA BALLAD.

I here endeavour to serve up in an English dress a Ballad "on picking Tea in the Gardens in spring time," of which the original was obtained by a writer in the Chinese Repository (August 1839) from one of the traders from the Green Tea country.

It was prettily printed on a square piece of paper with a flowered red border.

It consists of thirty Stanzas, each of which, in the original a single column, is composed of four lines, the first, second, and fourth of which rhyme with each other, and each line contains seven words.

These points I have put aside, and used roughly enough our Ballad Stanza; but the piece lays no claim to any merit beyond simplicity.

I.

WHERE thousand hills the vale enclose,
Our little hut is there,
And on the sloping sides around
The tea grows everywhere;
And I must rise at early dawn
As doth the busy bee,
To get my daily labour done,
And pluck the leafy tea.

II.

At early dawn I seize my crate,
And sighing, oh, for rest,
Through the thick mist I pass the door
With sloven hair half-drest;
The dames and maidens call to me,
As hand in hand they go,
What steep do you, Miss, climb to-day?
What steep of high Sunglo?

III.

Dark is the sky—the dusky light
Still on the hills is set,
The dewy leaves and cloudy buds
May not be gather'd yet;
Oh, who are they, the thirsty ones,
For whom this work we do—
For whom we sweat our daily toil
In bands of two and two?

IV.

Like fellows we each other aid
And to each other say—
As down we pull the yielding twigs—
Sweet sister, don't delay;
For now the buds are growing old
Even on the boughs a top,
And then to-morrow—who can tell?
The drizzling rain may drop.

v.

We've pick'd enow—the topmost bough
Is bare of leaves, and so,
We lift our brimming baskets, and
By the homeward path we go ;
In merry laughter by the pool,
The lotus pool we hie,
When hark ! up rise the mallard pair
And away in fright they fly!

VI.

Limpid and clear the pool, and there
How broad the lotus grows !
And only half its little leaves
Round as the coins it shows—
I bend me o'er the jutting brink
And to myself I say,
I marvel in the glassy stream
How looks my face to-day ?

VII.

My face is dirty—out of curl
My hair is, and awry—
Oh, tell me where's the little girl
So ugly now as I ?
And it's all because whole weary hours
I'm forc'd to pick the tea,
And the driving winds and soaking showers
Have made me what you see.

VIII.

With morn again come wind and rain,
And though so fierce and strong,
With my basket big and little hat
I wend my way along—
And home once more when the leaves are pick'd,
And everybody sees
How muddy all our dresses are
And dabbled to the knees !

IX.

I saw this morning thro' the door
A pleasant day set in—
Be sure I quickly dress'd my hair,
And neatly fix'd my pin ;
And featly sped I down the path
To gain the wonted spot,
But never thinking of the mire,
My working shoes forgot.

X.

The gardens reach'd—my bow-shap'd shoes
Are soaking through and through—
And the sky is chang'd—the thunder rolls—
And I don't know what to do—
I'll call my comrades on the hill
To pass the word with speed,
And fetch my green umbrella hat
To help me in my need.

XI.

But my little hat does little good,
My plight is very sad,
I stand with clothes all dripping wet,
Like some poor fisher-lad!
Like him I have a basket too
Of meshes woven fine,
I'm the fisher-lad if I only had
His fishing-rod and line.

XII.

The rain is o'er—the outer leaves
Their grassy fibres show;
Shake down the branch and the fragrant scent
About us 'gins to blow;
Gather the yellow golden threads
That high and low are found—
Ah! what a precious odour now
Is wafted all around!

XIII.

No sweeter perfume does the wild
And fair Aglaia shed,
Throughout all Wooyüen my tea
The choicest will be said.
When all are pick'd we'll leave the shoots
To bud again in spring,
But for this morning we have done
The last third gathering.

XIV.

Oh, weary is our picking, yet
  Do I my toil withhold?
My maiden curls are all askew,
  My pearly fingers cold.
Only our tea I wish to be
  Superior over all,
O'er this man's sparrow-tongue, and o'er
  That other's dragon-ball.*

XV.

Oh, for a month I weary
  To find a leisure day;
I go to pick at early dawn,
  And unto dusk I stay.
At the firing pan till midnight,
  I hold my irksome place:
But may not labour hard as this
  Ruin my pretty face?

XVI.

But if my face be somewhat lank,
  More firm shall be my mind,
I'll fire my tea, that all shall be
  My golden buds behind!
And yet the thought arises, who
  Shall the pretty maiden be
To put the leaves in her jewell'd cup,
  From that cup to drink my tea?

* Two particular kinds of tea-leaves, known in the district.

XVII.

Her griefs all flee, as she makes the tea,
And she is glad, but, oh!
Whence shall she learn the toils of us
Who labour for her so?
And shall she know of the winds that blow
And the rains that pour their wrath,
And drench and soak us through as tho'
We were plunged into a bath?

XVIII.

In driving rains and howling winds
The birds forsake the nest,
Yet many a loving pair are seen
Even on the boughs to rest;
Oh! wherefore, loved one, with light look
Didst thou drive me away?
I cannot, grieving as I grieve,
Work my d ıe work to-day.

XIX.

But though my bosom rise and fall,
Like bucket in a well,
Patient and toiling as I am,
My care I'll never tell.
My thoughts shall be to have my tea
Fired to a tender brown,
And to get the flag and the awl* well-roll'd
And show their whiten'd down.

* The C. R. contributor in explanation of these terms has

XX.

Ha, for my toil! ho! for my steps—
  Aweary though I be,
In our poor house for working folk
  There's lots of work, I see—
When the firing and the drying's done
  Off at the call I go—
And once again this very morn
  I climb the high Sunglo.

XXI.

My wicker basket slung in arm,
  And my hair entwin'd with flowers,
To the slopes I go of the high Sunglo,
  And pick the tea for hours—
How laugh we, sister, on the road!
  What a merry turn we've got!
I giggle and say—as I point down the way—
  There—look—there lies our cot.

XXII.

Yes, masters, in the sweet green shade
  Your humble maid abides,
And the weeping willow droops above
  And the grassy dwelling hides;

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given this note :—"The *ka* or 'flag' is the term by which the leaflets are called, when they just begin to unrol; the *tseang* or 'awl' designates those leaves which are still wrapp'd up, and somewhat sharp."

To-morrow, if you wish it so,
My guests I beg you'll be,
The door you'll know by the fragrant scent,
The scent of the firing tea.

XXIII.

A while 'tis cold—and then 'tis warm—
When I want to fire my tea,
The sky is sure to shift and change
And all to worry me!
When the sun goes down o'er the western hills
On the eastern there is rain,
And however fair he promises,
His promises are vain.

XXIV.

To-day the tint of the western hills
Is looking bright and fair,
And I bear my crate to the stile* and wait
My fellow-toiler there—
A little tender lass is she,
She leans upon the rail,
And sleeps, and tho' I hail her
She answers not my hail.

* The *ting* is not exactly a stile, being a kind of shed, or four posts supporting a roof, which is often erected by the villagers for the convenience of wayfarers.

XXV.

I call again—with eyes half oped
  She gazes down the road,
And staggers oddly to and fro,
  Like one beneath a load;
Up starts she, quite bewildered,
  And along the path she's gone,
She brings her basket, but forgets
  To put the cover on.

XXVI.

Together trudge we, and we pass
  The lodge of the southern bowers,
Where the beautiful sea-pomegranate
  Waves all its yellow flowers,
Fain would we stop and pluck a few
  To deck our tresses gay,
But the tree is high, and it's vain to try
  To reach the tempting spray.

XXVII.

The pretty birds upon the bough
  Sing songs so sweet to hear,
And the sky is so delicious now
  Half cloudy and half clear,
While bending o'er our work, each maid
  Will prattle of her woe,
And we talk till our hearts are sorely hurt
  And tears begin to flow.

XXVIII.

Our time is done, and yet not full
  Our baskets to the mouth—
The twigs a-north are throughly search'd,
  Let's seek them in the south—
Hei yah! just then I snapp'd a twig
  Whose leaves grew sweet a-pair—
See with my taper fingers
  I fix it in my hair.

XXIX.

Oh, various are the kinds of tea
  There's bitter and there's sweet;
Whoever has a fancy,
  For him I'll find a treat!
But who it is shall drink them,
  As bitter or sweet they be,
I know not, friend, but the pearly end
  Of my fingers only see!

XXX.

Ye, twitt'ring swallows, rise and fall
  In your flight around the hill—
But when next I go to the high Sunglo,
  I'll have a new gown—I will—
And I'll roll up the cuff
And show arm enough,
  For my arm is fair to see,
Oh, if ever there were a beautiful arm,

If ever a round and slender arm,
That arm belongs to me—
Heigho!
That arm belongs to me!

Written by Le Yih-tsing, also called Yih-hing, a native of Hae-yang.

PROLOGUE

To the Hongkong Garrison Amateur Theatricals, on behalf of the widows of the soldiers of H.M.'s 95th Reginent, who died during the summer of 1848.*

SINCE the true children of the Thespian art
Hold that a prologue acts a useful part,
And may with all propriety be made
Even *their* experience and *their* skill to aid,
We wretched amateurs may seek indeed
A like assistance in the hour of need;
Ere then this curtain we presume to raise
And show our scenes to your expectant gaze,
To you, fair ladies,—gentlemen, to you,
I fain would say a simple word or two.

When from our home with all its pleasures torn,
Say, have we nothing left us but to mourn?
Because our lot is cast on this rude isle,
Shall gloom possess us and forbid to smile?

* Spoken on 26th of March, 1849.

No—if we yield to melancholy's reign,
We ne'er deserve to see that home again;
Perish the thought then! and in care's despite
Let us be cheerful for at least to-night.

But be indulgent, friends, we know you'll find
How many faults! oh, to those faults be kind!
Your criticisms for pity's sake forbear,
Praise our few hits, and all our failings spare,
Thus the same mercy that to us you give,
May you in turn, when plac'd like us receive.

If you should chance the mantling blush to trace
Marring the scowl of some grim hero's face;
Or should his tongue his nerveless state betray,
Withhold your laughter—'tis his first essay—
Or should the voices of our ladies prove
Too hoarse to lisp the tender notes of love—
Not theirs the fault—oh, then, repress the sneer—
Stolberg's voice lozenges are not sold here.

But above all, we have a right to ask
Your kind forbearance in our arduous task,
In that we come not here i' the hope of gain,
Nor that our minds—God save the mark!—are vain,
Our humble efforts boast a higher source,
Of which your hearts, good friends, will own the force,
We act to-night from each mean motive free,
And in the sacred cause of charity!

EPILOGUE

To the Hongkong Garrison Amateur Theatricals on the Departure of the 95th Regiment for England.*

Good friends, though Epilogues are out of date,
And our Colonial muse but second-rate,
Still to go hence without one word to you,
One wish at parting, or one fond adieu,
Were graceless—and we would not so be thought
For all the cloth from looms of England brought,
For all the herb grown in celestial fields,
Or all the gold that California yields.
A year is gone since first we strove to gain
Your kind applause—nor did we strive in vain—
Our trembling actors often ere to-night
Have drawn new confidence from your delight,

* Spoken 25th February, 1850.

Have heard th' approval of your kidded palms,
And risen superior to their nervous qualms;
Oft when we plum'd the bold but feeble wing
For drama—comedy—or anything—
You gave applause to help us o'er the stile,
And, where you could not laugh, vouchsaf'd to smile:
For this our warmest thanks are justly due,
Ladies and gentlemen—and given—to you.

Not now your future kindness to implore
We speak, nor hope for favours yet in store;
Fate and the Horse-Guards, to whose power we bow,
Have given the word, and we must quit you now,
Must quit you with the wish that you may find
In those gay warriors that we leave behind
Friends ready as our humble selves to show
They prize the sweet rewards that you bestow,
And better able on the Thespian cart
"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,"
Or raise the laugh that speaks the cheerful heart!

And now for home! the bark,* those friends that bore
Safely—though slowly—to this farthest shore,
Now spreads aloft for us the swelling sail,
And woos—for luck must change—the fav'ring gale,
Ready to cleave thro' ocean's yielding foam
Her welcome voyage to our English home,
Our home that has a charm all charms above,
And holds its place the firmest in our love,

* H.M.S. "Apollo."

Our home, to *thoughts* of which such powers belong
That they can cheer an exile in Hongkong!
Oh, be it yours, and at no distant time
To bend your steps to that more genial clime,
There—should kind Fortune give the chance again,
We'll meet with pleasure, as we part with pain.

UNDER THE PEAK.

II.

PROMISCUA.

THE POWER OF LOVE;

OR, THE SHEPHERD'S DECISION.

(Unaque cum regnum, belli daret altera laudem,
Tyndaridis conjux tertia dixit eris—
Ovid, Heroid: xvii. 118.)

ARGUMENT.

AT the marriage of PELEUS and THETIS the goddess of Discord, who had not been invited to partake of the entertainment, showed her displeasure by throwing into an assembly of the gods who were celebrating the nuptials a golden apple on which were written the words "Detur pulchriori"—All the goddesses claimed it as their own; the contention at first became general, but at last only three—Juno, Venus, and Minerva—wished to dispute their respective rights to beauty.

The gods unwilling to become arbiters in an affair of so tender and delicate a nature appointed PARIS to adjudge the prize of beauty to the fairest of the goddesses, and indeed the shepherd seemed properly qualified to decide the contest, as his wisdom was so well established and his taste and prudence so well known. The goddesses appeared before their judge without any covering or ornament, and each tried by promises to gain the attention of Paris, and to influence his judgment—Juno promised him a kingdom, Minerva military glory, and Venus the fairest woman in the world for his wife.

After he had heard their several claims and promises Paris adjudged the prize to Venus, and gave her the golden apple, to which perhaps she seemed entitled as the goddess of beauty, &c., &c., &c.

Vide Lemp. Class. Dict. sub voce "Paris."

I.

When immortal beauty open'd
All its grace to mortal sight.
Aytoun's Buried Flower.

On the mountain's height, neath the clear blue sky
What witching group invites mine eye?
What fairy forms are those that now
Stand upon Ida's shaded brow?
No Tyrian robes, no purple vests
Are girt about their snowy breasts,
No garments of more generous kind
Shield them from the rustling wind,
And round their slender waists no zone
Of bashful modesty is thrown—
What mortal eye on a lovelier band
Hath ever chanced to rest?
Each by her look of proud command
A goddess is confest;
And goddesses in truth were they
Who sought the Idæan hills that day—
But who is she,
The foremost of the company?
See ye not the stately grace
And dignity that shrouds her face—
Well I know her noble mien,
'Tis Juno, Great Olympus' queen,

The ruler of the realms above,
The spouse of sceptre-bearing Jove!
And whose the dauntless form
That speaks the battle storm?
Mark it—mark it well, and say
Tells it not of the savage fray!
Of faulchion keen and scythed car,
Destroying implements of war?
Oh, who is she that takes delight
In the rude combat and the deadly fight?
'Tis Pallas, she who when the head was riven
Of Saturn's labouring son was born to heaven!
And who the last?
The ambrosial odor that is cast
From her long dishevell'd hair
Speaks the inhabitant of upper air—
Those tresses falling loose behind
And gently fluttering in the wind—
The chisell'd arm—the marbl'd side—
The bosom heaving in her beauty's pride—
The sparkling eye that throws its lustre round—
The tiny foot that scarcely prints the ground—
The unbuskin'd leg—the polish'd thigh—all prove
'Tis Cyprian Venus, Queen of love!—
What do they there,
Those heavenly fair?
Why leave the bright Immortal seat,
To visit Ida's lone retreat?

Why shun the company of Gods?
Why seek these mountainous abodes?
And why with winning looks and coy
Stand they before that blushing boy?

II.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus—

Horace.

'Twas at the marriage feast when Peleus led
The sea-born Thetis to the nuptial bed,
Within the bridal halls th' Immortals join
In the swift dance and thread the mazy line;
The King of heaven and his sister Queen
Mix with the throng and grace the mirthful scene,
And all the godlike guests that night are gay,
Resolv'd like gods to drive dull care away.
Here peals of laughter loud prevail
Where old Silenus tells the tale
How Bacchus once with nectar ripe
Tried at the pump to light his pipe,
And Bacchus in his turn declares
He's seen his daddy fall down stairs,
Lay on the stony step his head
And praise the softness of the bed!
There crowds of wond'ring gods admire
As Phœbus sweeps the sounding lyre,
And roll the tender notes along

Where Erato pours forth her song;
Now gallant Mars with winning glance
Invites Idalia to the dance,
Old Saturn claims Minerva's hand,
Terpsichore directs the band;
Fresh numbers flock from every side,
And down the Parian floor they glide,
They leap—they spring—they beat the ground—
Responsive to the music's sound,
None deigns a moment's rest to court,
But still pursues the stirring sport—

III.

The abominable that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleian Banquet hall
And cast the golden fruit upon the board—
Tennyson.

WHOSE furious eye
Is seen to pry
Upon the merry company?
Who in yon portal's darksome shade
Her secret lurking place has made?
Her ghastly look—her garment torn—
The dagger in her bosom borne—
It is—it is—I see it all—
Who knows what danger may befall?
'Tis Discord—loathsome to the sight—
Foul hideous daughter of the night—

Of all the Immortals she hath been
Alone unbidden to the festive scene!
See—round her vengeful head
The hissing serpent's coil is spread,
Gods, how my aching heart doth bleed!
She meditates some fearful deed!
What holds she in her hand?
Is it a snake, whose venom'd tongue
Shall dart dismay yon group among,
Or noxious poison to be flung
Amid the laughing band?
Her arm is lifted—she has thrown
The deadly weapon—she is gone—
Nor stays with foes to grapple—
Lo! Mars has rais'd that missile dread
And holds it high above his head,
'Tis but an apple!—
An apple, doubtless for the bride,
But upon its mellow side
What characters are trac'd?
Great God of war, appease the crowd,
And read the mystic words aloud,
Read them—aye—read in haste—
The God obeyed—oh, then, I ween,
A wondrous change came o'er the scene,
No nuptial song was graven there,
No blessing on the wedded pair,
No poesy, nor oratory,
'Twas simply "Detur pulchriori."

IV.

But disputes sic as aft arise
Fell oot in sharin' o' the prize.
Allan Ramsay.

"'Tis mine!" the vain Minerva cries,
"'Tis mine!" the Queen of heaven replies,
Quoth Venus, "It is mine alone,
"As Queen of Beauty I am known;"
Diana flaunts in high disdain,
Young Hebe strives the award to gain,
And all the heavenly host begin
To raise a most ungodlike din;
But Momus stalks amongst the fair,
Puts on a mock judicial air,
And "Silence in the court," says he,
"Let all attend to my decree;
"Women, withdraw, ye graceless crew,
"The prize belongs to none of you;
"Make way—behind ye stands a youth
"So very modest, that forsooth,
"He will not claim his due!
"Observe his skin of snowy white,
"His form so slender, eye so bright,
"Does any one my judgment call
"Erroneous? speak—what! silent all?
"Let Vulcan then the apple have—
"Provided he go home and shave!"

Loud roars of merry laughter broke
From all the throng as Momus spoke,
And Vulcan, boiling o'er with wrath,
Went limping on his homeward path—
But still the storm had not blown o'er,
It soon waxed fiercer than before,
Till Jove at length uprais'd his voice,
And cried: "Stop that disgraceful noise,
"Minerva, silence, hold your peace,
"Hush Venus!—Wife, your jabbering cease,
"Or I'll impale ye on the spot,
"Say, am I king of heaven or not?
"Hand me the fruit—wait—let me see—
"Ha! by my beard it seems to be
"Intended for *my* private feast—"
(Here Juno mutter'd "ugly beast")—
"But still I'll not be over-hard,
"So as 'tis mine to give the award,
"Stand forth in order, rival belles,
"I'll give the palm where justice tells."

V.

I can't advise, upon my soul I can't.—*Bombastes Furioso.*

THOSE mighty three were all that stood
In strifeful row before the God;
The rest from the ordeal shrunk,
They were not favourites at Court,
And said moreover Jove was drunk,
And of the whole affair made sport;

There then they stood, those godlike three,
Arrayed in all their majesty!
First Venus 'gins with soft persuasion,
Then Juno tries intimidation,
She darts a look, as if to say,
"Give me the prize, or rue the day,"
While Pallas openly avers
If the prize be not quickly hers,
As once before she split his brain,
So by the Styx, she'll do't again.
Jove now begins too late to see
He's fixed himself unpleasantly;
Truth doubtless whispers in his ear
That Venus should the trophy bear,
But Pallas can give plaguy knocks,
And Juno's lately learnt to box;
So after musing for a while,
Endeav'ring some device to find,
He smooths his features with a smile,
And thus declares his godlike mind:
"Oh, ladies, 'tis no task of ease
"The fairest form to single out,
"Though one of you I'm sure to please,
"The other two are sure to pout;
"But hold—a plan I think I've hit
"To meet your wishes—say shall I
"In pieces three the apple slit
"And give to each of ye a bit?"—
"The whole or nothing," is the cry—

"Well, then, that no one may owe me a grudge
"I'll hand ye over to another judge—
"On Ida's hill not far from Troy
"There dwells a royal shepherd boy,
"Well skill'd, as men report, to trace
"The beauty of the female face;
"Amongst the laughing nymphs that dwell
"On river's bank, or flowery dell,
"His word has long been Beauty's guide,
"This contest then let him decide;
"Enough, begone, 'tis my decree
"That Paris shall the umpire be."
'Twas hence those rival three were led
To visit Ida's leafy head,
Hence 'twas with winning looks and coy
They stood before that shepherd boy.

VI.

That not to be corrupted is the shame.—*Pope.*

HARD by the base of yon huge rock
All heedless of his browzing flock,
Young Paris sits and cons with care
The beauties of those heavenly fair;
At first he seem'd to shrink with awe
Soon as each naked form he saw,
And o'er his face the blushing red
Of modesty was deeply spread,

But now recover'd from the amaze
He 'gins with bolder eye to gaze,
And (for he was of easy mind,
Rather to forwardness inclin'd,
One of your reckless dashing sparks)
He thus commences his remarks—
"Such charms as these I've rarely seen;
"Pallas, I like your haughty mien,
"Juno, I swear you've splendid eyes,
"And Venus, yours are taper thighs.
"You all are beautiful, but ere I
"Decide upon this case, I crave
"Your answers to one simple query,
"Pray—what reward am I to have?
"I'm not of the fastidious tribe
"But open to receive a bribe,
"Speak then in turn and let me know
"What each is willing to bestow."

VII.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power.—*Gray.*

FIRST Juno steps from forth the band
And with an air of proud command
In eager hope to guide the choice,
Raises aloft her royal voice:—
"Yes, Paris, 'tis the Thund'rer's queen
"'Tis Juno's self thine eyes have seen,

" Not often I converse with men,
" Or come within a mortal's ken,
" Yet now I've left my dread abode
" And this high favour have bestow'd
" On thee that thou mayst grant my suit
" And let me grasp the wish'd-for fruit.
" But not the sight of form divine
" Alone, my Paris, shall be thine;
" Oh then give ear, while I proclaim
" The honours that await thy name—
" No longer shalt thou tend these flocks
" That browze beneath the beetling rocks,
" No longer shall beneath the shade
" To awkward nymphs thy pipe be played,
" No longer with the boorish throng
" Shalt thou enjoy the vulgar song,
" Small fame such rude companions bring,
" My Paris! thou shalt be a king!—
" Far and wide shall be thy sway,
" Millions shall thy power obey,
" The high, the rich, the proud, the great
" Crowd around thy palace-gate,
" Princes on the bended knee
" Pay the homage due to thee,
" Noble ladies to thy court
" In their loyalty resort,
" And at thy benign command
" Stoop to kiss thy sceptr'd hand—

" Gods ! methinks I see thee now
" With the crown above thy brow,
" And the diamond's lustre shed
" Bright around thy kingly head ;
" There—upon thy throne elate,
" In the pride of regal state,
" High-born dames and fair before thee
" Subjects ready to adore thee,
" There thou look'st with flashing eye
" On that brilliant company !—
" Say, my shepherd, is not this
" The very full of earthly bliss ?
" And such the fate prepared for thee,
" If thou give the prize to me !"

VIII.

Arma virumque.—*Virgil.*

THE goddess ended her address,
When Pallas hopeful of success
Thus loftily bespoke the swain,
And strove his wav'ring mind to gain :
" Oh ! what avails a crown, my son,
" If not in deadly combat won ?
" What honour lies in kingly chair
" If martial glory be not there ?—
" Thy meanest subject will deride
" Thy gorgeous pomp and regal pride,

" If fame of deeds achiev'd in war,
" Like a halo-casting star,
" Pour not forth its spendour round
" Thy brow with sparkling jewels bound ;
" A peace-thron'd king I would not be
" For all the wealth of Araby ;
" Far other fortune shall be thine,
" If thou grant the fruit be mine.
" I see thee on the battle-plain
" Raging mid the heaps of slain !
" Lo ! thy fury-darting eye
" Hails the fray nor fears to die !
" Well it speaks the stern delight
" Which thou foundest in the fight !
" I see thee urge thy panting horse,
" Check yon squadron's frantic force,
" Rush upon the forward foe
" Bearing man and charger low !—
" Ha, the adverse armies reel
" And thy blood-besprinkl'd steel
" In the foeman's bosom thrust
" Hurls him bleeding in the dust ;
" Again thy blade is brandish'd high
" And another learns to die,
" Again—again—thy conqu'ring path
" Is strewn with victims of thy wrath,
" And all retreat in dread alarm
" From thy slaughter-dealing arm.
" The fight is done !

"And victory hails her favour'd son;"
"Let the warlike music sound,
"Chaunt the grateful song,
"The conqueror from the battle-ground
"Proudly moves along;
"Raise the high triumphal arch,
"Deck it with the foeman's spoil,
"Let the envied Paris march
"'Neath the trophy of his toil;
"Let the millions he has saved
"With his praises rend the air,
"Tell the dangers he has braved,
"And the laurel wreath prepare;
"Let every voice aloud proclaim
"To Heaven and Earth the warrior's fame!"

IX.

For Love shall still be Lord of all.
Scott.

THUS Pallas said—each glowing word
With listless ear the youth had heard,
But soon as Venus 'gan to speak,
Bright was his eye and flush'd his cheek:
"What is Life unblest of Love?
"'Tis a dreary pilgrimage,
"Reft of the joy all joys above
"'Tis a wide blank upon creation's page,
"'Tis a spacious palace, where

" The walls are ruin'd and the chambers bare,
" 'Tis the canvas on whose face
" The painter has delay'd to trace
" Those glorious efforts of his art
" That would have spoken to the heart;
" Scorn'd by even the brutal kind,
" Lying neath *my* withering ban,
" 'Tis the slavery of the mind,
" A state unworthy man!
" The sceptred king
" Is a mean and abject thing
" If his bosom invious prove
" To the force of gentle love;
" The warrior bold,
" If love no influence o'er him hold,
" Stead of envy of his deeds
" Pity's smile the rather needs.
" Not such, my Paris, shalt thou be,
" Not thine such splendid misery—
" Round thee is *my* magic thrown—
" The Queen of Love has mark'd thee for her own!
" From ancient Sparta's palace-halls
" Hark, the voice of beauty calls!
" Love's low murmurings meet mine ear,
" Wafted o'er the Ocean-spray,
" These the whisper'd sounds I hear,
" 'Dearest Paris! come away!'
" Wouldst thou know the lips that move
" To the mystic power of Love?

" Wouldst know what peerless one I see
" Fondly calling upon thee?
" There on yonder couch of gold
  " Carelessly reclines the dame,
" She whom secret love has told
  " Sweetly to breathe forth thy name ;
" No offspring of the sons of earth,
" Her look declares her heavenly birth,
" 'Twas Jove himself in Leda's arms
" That stamp'd those soul-subduing charms :
" Something there is in that fair face
" Passes the limner's art to trace,
" The choicest words would fail t' express
" That form's bewitching loveliness :
" Lustrous the hue of yon dark eye
  " That throws its melting glance around,
" She views thee in the boundless sky,
  " She hears thy step in every sound,
" Love rushes on without control,
  " And pours his mighty force,
" The tide o'erflows her swelling soul,
  " Resistless in its course !
" Oh haste thee, then, to Sparta fly—
  " No longer mid these wilds delay—
" Again I hear her gently sigh,
" ' Dearest Paris, come away !'—
" Haste thee, toil yon Ocean o'er,
" Dare the North wind's threatening roar,

" Soon upon thy Helen's breast
" Thou shalt softly sink to rest.
" Lo I see thee by the side
" Of thy fond, thy beauteous bride,
" There thy roving hand entwin'd
" Mid those tresses unconfin'd,
" Tresses of the raven's glow
" Falling o'er a neck of snow ;
" Dost thou wish for Monarch's crown
" As thou view'st the blushing fair ?
" See the loose robe sinking down
" Lays her heaving bosom bare !
" Gods ! and as those glowing charms
" To thy warm caresses yield,
" Wouldst thou quit thy Helen's arms
" For the gory battle-field ?
" Paris—no—thy purer mind
" Love's superior pleasure owns,
" Heeds not things of meaner kind,
" Savage fights and troublous thrones !
" Watch the smile on Helen's face,
" Revel in her close embrace,
" 'Stead of blow for blow be this
" The kindlier combat—kiss for kiss—
" The only weapon brandish'd high
" Be the fair one's piercing eye,
" And the sole wound inflicted be
" The passion'd print of ecstasy !
" Paris—haste—and linger not—

" Dost thou value happiness ?
" Rush then to that welcome spot
" Where thou shalt be blest and bless—
" Fly to Sparta's palace-halls,
" And the voice of love obey,
" Hark ! again thy Helen calls
" ' Dearest Paris ! come away !' "

X.

Sub judice lis est.
Horace.

THUS Venus said,
And strove to touch the Shepherd's heart ;
Soon with eager joy she read
The triumph of her winning art,
For Paris rose right speedily
And thus proclaimed his high decree :
" Men say 'tis happiness to own
" The splendours of a royal throne,
" For me I can remember well
" The stories that old records tell,
" How Monarchs in their pride of state
" From rebel hands have met their fate,
" Dishonour'd, drawn their latest breath,
" Unwept, unpitied, even in death ! *

* For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,

" Thus Œdipus and Theseus died,
" Thus fell the haughty Creon's pride,
" And thus was Laius' hoary head
" Ennumber'd with the mighty dead;
" Since then from crowns misfortune springs,
" Enough—I'll keep aloof from kings!—
" Nor in the rude and savage fight
" Shall it be mine to take delight;
" Of what avail is martial fame?
" What boots the warrior's sounding name?
" If one of the opposing foe
" Deal on your skull a deadly blow,
" Or thro' your ribs his weapon thrust,
" Your ribs recumbent in the dust!
" Would martial glory spread a plaister
" To cure ye of the sad disaster?
" Or if your jugular were cut in twain
" Would martial glory sew it up again?
" No—I wish not so soon to die,
" So let me shun the deadly strife—
" And to my Helen's arms I fly,
" I come, I come, my soul! my life!
" Nor great care I to be, nor brave,
" I'd rather far be Cupid's slave,

Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murdered!

Shakspeare, Rich. II., Act 3, Sc. 2

" And give my future life to prove
" Myself the votary of love!—
" Then, Juno since you've miss'd your aim,
" You may return to whence you came,
" Pallas, I need not your assistance,
" So keep, my fighting lass, your distance,
" If only love's sweet fount I dip in,
" I care not—Venus, yours the pippin!"

LOVE'S VISION.

For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing thee was a mere dream of life :
But love in one soft moment taught me more
Than all the volumes of the learned could reach,
Gave me the proof, when Nature's birth began,
To what great end th' Eternal form'd a man.

Cibber—Love Makes a Man.

WHY should we love? When Adam
In the glory of his powers,
Roamed at Creation's dawning
Through Eden's happy bowers,
Though he knew his proud dominion
O'er every thing confest,
A secret care was warring
On the fulness of his rest;
And God spake—It is meet not
That man should be alone—
Then at the word Almighty
The smile of woman shone,

And straight from Heaven's cresset
  Pour'd the star-light of her eyes,
And Earth became with woman then
  The perfect paradise.
    Hence I would love!—

Where shall I love? I'll seek me
  An isle mid Southern seas,
Where the tall lithe palms are flaunting
  Their shadows to the breeze,
And the dark-hued birds sing ever
  By the wimpling brook that flows,
Meandering o'er the woodland
  From the cool fount where it rose;
Where the god of day is spreading
  His brightness o'er the land,
And Nature joys to scatter
  All the bounty of her hand,
And never robes her beauty
  In the mantle of a frown,
Save when to glad the weary earth
  The rain-cloud droppeth down—
    There should I love!

When shall I love? when evening
  Steals softly from the West,
And the world is hush'd in welcome
  And woos her to its breast,
When the faint and drooping flow'rets,
  Their life-hood to renew,

Are taking to their bosoms
  The freshness of the dew,
And the shrill cicada chirrupeth
  A farewell to the sun,
As he sinks in parting glory
  When the day of toil is done,
Then—when a sacred spirit
  Fills the created whole,
And all Man's purer yearnings
  Are gushing in his soul,
Then would I love !

How should I love? with braveness?
  And mouthing of the name?
With loud outspoken rapture,
  And the vaunting of a claim?
Oh, for me the spirit's murmur,
  Heard thro' unwilling sighs,
The true hand's gentle pressure,
  And the pleading of the eyes—
And the words that I would whisper
  Should be such as Paris spake,
When he sued to fair Œnone
  In Ida's lonely brake,
When their souls were wound together,
  And the stillness of the grove
Seemed the tribute-gift of nature
  To the innocence of love.
So would I love !—

Whom shall I love? I see her!
A flood of dazzling light
Is welling forth around her
As she floats into my sight—
I see her, fair as when erewhile
On earth I saw her fair,
And she woke a heart within me,
And I trembling blest her there;
When I trill'd a silent blessing
From forth my secret mind,
And she pass'd unwitting onward,
And left a drear behind.
Oh, fond and precious vision,
Oh, turn not now away,
As knowing not thy mystic power
On that first happy day!
Rest, dear and lovely lady,
Oh, rest thee kindly here,
While all my hope and all my pain
I pour into thine ear—
Rest thee—I would bear much of ill,
Sweet lady, for thy sake,
But love will force its utterance
Or the poor heart will break,
And I must speak that heart to thee,
Though I know my words are vain,
And thy form that gleams before me
But a fashion of the brain.
Yet hear me—I would tell thee
The charm that thou hast given

Unto my life, as though a light
Had shone on me from heaven,
A light that glows within me
With the radiance of a star,
And from before my troubled soul
The darkness drives afar!—
I would tell thee how my being
Flowed still in quiet ways,
And never burned beneath the flame
That love knows well to raise,
Felt never the high passion
In love that has its birth,
And bids Man's spirit soar above
The common things of earth,
Till that fair day that never yet
Has faded in my mind,
When thou camest forth in beauty,
And I knew that all behind
Was gloom of space and wholly vile,
And through my pulses ran
A flood of new-born gladness
And another life began—
A life that shall not wither,
For though thou mayst never know
The joys that even from musing
And dreaming of thee flow,
For all the good the world can give
I would not change away
The power to fill my memory still
With that one happy day;

But long as He, who ruleth all,
Ordains that here below
My earthly life shall yet endure,
Be it in joy or woe,
I swear by all things that may hold
Man's soul in solemn thrall,
And by—a vow shall rest with me
The gravest vow of all—
By the pure chain unseen that binds
Thine image to my heart,
A chain of hallowed brightness
That only death may part—
I swear that *thou* thus moving me,
And like the rising ray
Of yonder god that gleams on high,
Turning my night to day,
Thou ever—while the Earth is ours,
The ocean-waters roll,
The seasons keep their circling course,
Bride, chosen of my soul,
Thou art my love!

SACRA.

Long years have passed, pale flowers, since you
  Were culled and given in brightest bloom
By one whose eyes eclipsed their blue,
  Whose breath was like their own perfume.
Auct. Incog. vide N. & Q. 2d S. ix. 247.

I.

FLOWERS that She gave me
  flowers that once bloom'd so fair,
Breathing your sweetness
  on the glad summer air,
Where now your beauty?
  your sweet perfume where?

II.

Lo, ye are faded!
  your rich glory gone,
Gone the bright freshness
  that late around ye shone,
Lost all that made ye
  pleasant to look upon.

III.

Flowers, ye are like Her,
like Her in your doom,
Growing in joyaunce,
drooping then in gloom,
Passing so briefly
to the silent tomb.

IV.

But not to perish,
and fall as meaner things,
Still to your blossoms
mystic odour clings,
Still from your leaflets
heavenly fragrance springs.

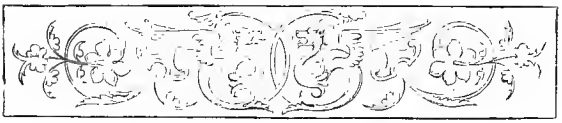
V.

Flowers, are ye worthless?
shall I throw ye by?
Never—ye precious
founts of sad memory!
Always be with me
till the hour I die.

VI.

Ever be near me,
ye, Her last bequest,
Still let me tend ye
and fold ye in my breast,
There to lull my sorrow
into gentle rest!

1859.



STANZAS

Written 30th May, 1849, on a Matriculation Certificate, dated 30th May, 1839.

This poor rhyme
Is but an adumbration of my life.
A Life Drama (*A. Smith*).

I.

IT is so then—ten years are gone
Since first into the broader life
Earnest and trusting I was thrown,
And Fancy stirr'd a busy strife
Within the war-field of my mind,
Bidding me hope for evermore,
Spreading a pleasant shade behind
And brightening all before.

II.

Oh, were those years to find a voice
And utter all the truth they know,
Say, should I hear them and rejoice,
Or shudder at the faults they show?

Hark! now their secret murmurings,
Borne softly on the evening air,
Recall how many varied things,
And fill my breast with care!

III.

They tell of fond hopes to be wrought
As chance should fall with ripening Time,
They tell of fame and honours sought,
And of resolves that soar'd sublime;
But ah, those hopes, how rudely rent!
Those honours still how dim remain!
And those resolves of fair intent
How valueless and vain!

IV.

Speak out then with the trumpet tongue,
Sad years, speak out nor spare me now,
But let your sharp reproach be flung
For many a sworn and broken vow,
For many a guilty action done,
For duties left to cold neglect,
At times a worthless object won,
At times a friendship wrecked.

V.

For kinsmen by the anguish torn
Of disappointment unreveal'd,
And for a heart that once could mourn,
But now to softer feeling steel'd;

For God's all-holy law forgot,
For His commandment heard and broken,
Aye, sad years, memory fails ye not,
Ye have too truly spoken.

VI.

Yes, it is so—ten circling years
Have led the white-mark'd day again,
When my bark, toss'd by hopes and fears,
Was launch'd upon the world's wide main;
And Oxford was the port in view,
'Twas gain'd and I was join'd with men,
And hopes were high, and fears were few,
And I was happy then.

VII.

Thoughts, Rhedycina, thoughts of thee
Come o'er me now, though years are past
Since through thy ways I wander'd free,
And care was to the breezes cast,
And Pleasure's cup was wildly drain'd,
And laughter sped the fleeting day,
And Prudence ne'er our sport profan'd,
And Thought was driven away.

VIII.

Learning's pale lamp for others shone—
Lately we lov'd the letter'd page—
But why for ever dwell upon
The darken'd Greek or Roman age?

Wise were we then—its load to bear
The wayward will was not content;
We reck'd not of our mission there,
Nor of our time misspent.

IX.

And yet grave things become the grave,
Meek caution mates with hairs of gray,
And would the moralist enslave
Bright youth to dull discretion's sway?
Better the young and frolic heart
At Pleasure's flame the torch should light,
Than play the cold ungenial part
Of the sour anchorite.

X.

Aye—years have vanish'd, since I knew,
Old Exeter, thine honour'd hall,
But still at times to memory true
My mind will former scenes recall,
And earlier feelings warm my breast,
And in my sunny dreams I see
The well-known haunts, and am possess'd
With mine old love for thee!

XI.

Here in a far and deadly clime
The ruder storms of busy life
Move sweet remembrance of the time,
Whence youth was free from manhood's strife,

And when Death's dark and fatal night
His shadow o'er the isle has cast,
Then graver memory glows with light
That hallows all the past.

XII.

Yet has my life but idly sped,
Dear Oxford, since I left thy bowers;
It has, alas! been mine to tread
A checquer'd path of thorns and flowers;
Not that I 'gainst my lot rebel,
For conscience thus the truth lays bare,
"What thorns upon thy pathway fell
Thyself hast scatter'd there."

XIII.

Not all! not mine the fault that I
Draw the cold look from one I knew,
Knew as a brother once—then why
Has Friendship cleft her bond in two?
Sworn before God to speak the truth,
Shall I not speak, however loth?
Or shall I lie, like some, forsooth,
And vilify my oath?

XIV.

"Nay, hold now—for thou knowest well
His coldness ruffles not thy breast—
Is't honest on this thorn to dwell,
This scape-goat thorn, and pass the rest?

Thou little heedest that poor *him*,
Thou knowest well *his* feeble brain—
Hearts changing with the upward whim
Can give but fancied pain."

XV.

Well—it is true—time was I car'd
For the mean griefs that vex the mind,
But now indifference is my guard,
And the world's teaching has inclin'd
My heart to trust itself alone,
To know and wear its proper pride,
To have regard but for its own,
And scoff at all beside.

XVI.

And so I live—what sorrows rise
I hold as lightly as I may,
But learn from them the more to prize
The flowers that happen on my way;
For on my way some flowers are cast,
And while a name on earth I bear,
The brightness of their hues shall last,
Nor fade their fragrance rare.

XVII.

For setting ties of kin aside—
What need to reckon kindred here?
Can aught a brother's care divide,
Or make a sister's name less dear?

Beats there the heart that would not glow
  High reverence for a sire to prove,
Or, holiest of all sense below,
    Return a mother's love?

XVIII.

Then setting ties of kin apart,
  Some trusty friends 'tis mine to boast,
Friends, prompt to show the kindly heart,
  When kindly hearts are wanted most;
And oftentimes their soothing aid
  Has, when the weight of care opprest,
Driven the dark cloud away, and made
    Sweet sunshine in my breast.

XIX.

Let benefits be traced on sand,
  And wrongs be graven deep on stone*—
Such is the callous world's command—
  I follow part, and part disown;
Shame on the ingrate would deny
  A friend through fear or hope of gain,
God send him evermore to lie
    Whelm'd 'neath his self-disdain.

* Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water—
Shakespeare, Hen. VIII. Act 4, *Sc.* 2

XX.

But who in malice injures me,
I care not what his wealth or power,
I mark the churl where'er he be,
And then when comes the grateful hour—
How sweet Revenge! and oh may yet
The drivelling day be absent long
When I a benefit forget,
Or I forgive a wrong!*

XXI.

Life is a mystic stream that flows
Obedient to the eternal will,
Now ruffled by the wind that blows,
Now placid in its course and still;
The gentle brook may scarce divide
Its waters as it onward sweeps,
But rushing down the mountain-side
The torrent stirs its deeps;

XXII.

Some sunny plains it wanders through,
And dance its ripples in the beam,
And then deep shades of sombre hue
O'ercast the dark and gloomy stream.

* The Scots, whose native temper is not easily to forgive an injury.—*Defoe, Memoirs of a Cavalier.*

An si quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer?
Horace, Epod. vi. 16.

Thus speeds our various life—its doom
Still bears it to the parent sea,
And gulphs it in the ocean-tomb
Of dread eternity!

XXIII.

And at this doom which alters not
For us to cavil would be vain;
Shall man's weak murmur change his lot?
God's will be turn'd when we complain?
Let us in tranquil mind enjoy
The good it pleases Him to send,
And though the ills of life annoy
Be patient to the end.

XXIV.

For me, with every fate content,
Raised by success or crushed by cares,
Incurious of the fortune sent,
I bear it as the Stoic bears,
Who sees life's shifting currents flow
To cheer or pain poor human kind,
Laughs at their self-inflicted woe,
And wears an equal mind.

XXV.

I ask not wealth, nor rank, nor power,—
Be my good name my only care—
And unto Life's last closing hour
That name shall ever flourish fair!

And Love may chill and Envy frown—
Man changes with the changing year—
But those my soul has truly known
My memory shall revere !*

* Extinctus amabitur idem.
Horace, Ep. II. 1.14.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam.*

> "And loiter'd in the master's field
> And darken'd sanctities with song."—
> *In Memoriam* XXXVII.

THE sorrows of the master mind
I follow on the living page,
The living to all after age
And shedding hallowed light behind—

And though o'er this my sullened heart
Has fortune cast her darker hue,
And some I trusted proved untrue,
And vice and folly dealt their smart,

And left me cold and spirit-dead,
I hold withal one little spot
May still be found where withered not
Sleeps Virtue in her secret bed;

For even to me brings sweet relief
  This flow of full-toned utterance,
  Exert the spirit to entrance,
This measured rhapsody of grief;

And as I read within my breast
  The wicked passions seem to fall
  And lose their power at Virtue's call,
And troubled fancies sink to rest.

Oh, such pure threnode ne'er before
  Sprung from the dust-born brain of man,
  Nor poet, since our world began,
High notes as these had strength to pour.

Here men shall learn, till time be done,
  The true nobility of woe,
  And souls in sympathy shall glow
With the lament of TENNYSON!

Hongkong,
Innocents' Day, 1851.

THE LAMENT OF KATHARINE OF BRAGANZA.

"From the calm sphere that enclosed me
Thou hast dragged me to this throne."

Maid of Orleans.

"THE monarch exil'd from his throne
And forc'd a rival's power to own—
The warrior-chief, untaught to yield,
And lying gasping on the field,
His latest fear that breath of shame
May taint the glory of his name—
The sailor wrecked upon the wave,
And settling to his ocean-grave—
The patriot thrust by envious hand
An outcast from his father-land—
The trader when he hears the tale
Of his rich galliots by the gale
In ruin sunk—these, these may know
The crushing stroke of bitter woe—

But ah ! their woe can never prove
In hopeless misery above
The rack of unrequited love !*

"They cannot tell what 'tis to brook
The coldness of a husband's look,
To see him woo another's smile
And hide an aching heart the while,
To hear him murmur in his sleep
The name of her whose beauty stole
The heart a wedded wife should keep—
Ah ! this is anguish to the soul
Feeling that life had pass'd in bliss
An 'twere not for a blow like this !

"Oh memory ! though oft thou art
A joy and solace to the heart—
Some though there be that fancy well
On scenes of former days to dwell,
With these my mind now glancing back
In sorrow o'er its darken'd track,
And brooding on the ills gone by
May own but little sympathy !

"For dreary thoughts and sad arise
And tears unbidden dim mine eyes,
When I remember the glad hours
I pass'd among the orange bowers,

* "But unrequited love, thy dart
Plung'd deepest its envenom'd smart."
Scott's Lady of the Lake.

That wav'd round Lisbon's royal dome—
I was a child—and that my home—
I knew a friend in every tree,
  In every bird and beast that stray'd
  Adown the path, or through the glade,
  In every flower and grassy blade—
All Nature wore a smile for me,
And Belém's grim and frowning fort
Look'd down upon me in my sport,
And to a youthful dreamer's eye
Approv'd my giddy revelry.
Oh, had I wist the cruel fate
  Doom'd on my future years to fall,
I had refus'd a Queen's high state
  And never left my father's hall!

"What lur'd me thence? the wish to wear
  A queenly circlet? to be known
In History's living page? to share
  The splendour of a Saxon throne?
Scarce this—Braganza's royal name
Gave in itself enough of fame—
Beneath the arching dome of Heaven
No prouder title could be given
Than that I claim'd already mine,
The daughter of Braganza's line!
The courtly train were waiting still,
  Still at my feet the legate sued,
Parent and priest spake down my will,
  And I submitted to be wooed—

Ah, luckless hour ! ah, hapless fate !
Let the low envy not the great—
Search through the hovels of the poor,
  The hut where vilest serfs frequent
The toiling wife of meanest boor,
  Shrivell'd by want, by labour bent,
Has higher, happier, lot than I,
Whose heart has lost its liberty.

" Sire, let my plaining voice be heard—
One word from thee—but one brave word
Would heal, would soothe my wandering brain,
And give me life and joy again—
Throw off the wantons of the Court,
  Back with the slavish venal train,
That make thy Queen their secret sport,
  And thee, the wallet whence they drain
  For vilest use unworthy gain ;
Let England's palace be no more
  The den where vice holds gorgeous state,
And humble virtue cowers before
  Her flaunting pride, and flies the gate—
One word from thee, and here again
Shall white-rob'd virtue hold her reign—
One word from thee, and yet thy name
Shall live upon the scroll of fame—
One word—and oh, a faithful heart
From the dark gloom of grief shall start
Into the light of joy—of heaven—
And, all forgotten, all forgiven,

The sun of happiness shall shine
On the now wretched Katherine !"

So mourn'd she ; but her plaint was vain,
Nought reck'd the husband of the wife,
She saw him end his idle reign,
She saw him close his fruitless life ;
Then as the dove, that left the ark,
Flew back unto the welcome bark,
Or as the soul, its earthly frame
To dust returning whence it came,
Spreads the free wing and soars on high,
And seeks its Maker in the sky,*——

So turn'd she from that foreign strand
And sought her own lov'd southern land ;
There mid her Lusitanian bowers
At ease she pass'd the peaceful hours,
Or at her suffering country's call
With wisdom's hand she seized the helm,
And roused to arms a sinking realm,
Crush'd the proud Spaniard's threaten'd thrall,
And prov'd the might of Portugal !

So living, died she ! and where rears
Yon royal fane its holy head,
She rests beside the lov'd one dead,
The brother of her early years—

* So when the soule finds here no true contente,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footinge take,
She doth returne from whence she first was sente,
And flyes to him that first her wings did make.
Sir John Davies—Immortalitie of the Soule.

And still within that grateful clime
Her name outlasts the flight of Time,
And still till Time shall be no more,
As there, so on our English shore,
May the sweet memory flourish green
Of her, the unhappy English Queen!

Macao, 1853.

GERTRUDE AND LAUNCELOT.

He laid him down upon the mossy bank,
Drooping his head in his own Gertrude's lap,
And with the speaking eyes of perfect love
Gazed into hers that spoke his love again;
She the while dallied with his raven curls,
And in them playful intertwined the flowers
That rais'd their many colour'd cups around;
The vine leaves rustling in the noontide air
Wove a cool foliage from the sunbeam's heat;
Beneath reclined the lovers, and the place
So breathed the spirit of all happiness,
That who had seen them in their sweet repose
Had turned aside, nor with insensate step
Profaned the wrapt communion of their souls—
"I will not sport to-day,—my purpose was
To seek the marsh, and from the wild fowl's wing
Pluck the gay feather for my Gertrude's hair,
But thus my arms I throw aside, and lie
A willing captive at my tyrant's feet.
Look ever on me thus, my dearer self,
True love reads throughly, and thy conscious eyes

Now silent mete the promptings of my soul,
Even as they tell their hidden tale to me,
And glance the mirror of thy trusting heart.
"Look ever on me thus—all I once held,
Doubting, nay scoffing at, a woman's faith,
Seems foolish now, but I will err no more;
Another life is moving to my view,
Opening its portals wide and beckoning in,
And I will onward, for within the dome,
Plotting a welcome for her absent love,
Fearing, yet hopeful of, the promis'd greeting,
And knowing herself happy in her fear,
Waits one whose bosom throbs in wild accord
With the tumultuous beating of my own.
Passed be the portals then—the priceless prize
Is ready to the hand—is reached—is won—
And GERTRUDE rests for ever in my arms!
"'Tis a fair vision, darling, nor a vain;
I count the past of nothing—not to me
The part inane and void of life gone by
Is pleasing now—I marvel how I lived—
Men say that age gets knowledge, 'tis that age
Chances on Love and hence true knowledge springs.*
In sooth 'tis marvel I have lived my life
Even to this manhood and unreasoning joy'd
In things but suited to the common mind.

* "It is a beautiful feature in the angelical hierarchy of the Jews that the seraphs rank first, and the cherubs after—that is to say—Love before knowledge."—*Leigh Hunt.*

Once was I loved to listen to the birds
Pouring their throats the sombre thickets thro',
And thought their music the supreme of sound,
Passing all else in Nature's perfect reign—
I had not heard thy voice!

"I have seen Queens
Tread the mean earth in stateliness of gait,
And wonder seized on me—I had not seen
Thy pride of movement then!

"I have, entranced,
Stood 'neath the starry radiance of the skies,
And deemed no more of brightness could appear
Within the bounded ken of human sight—
I knew not then, my sweetest love, thy smile!

"Thy smile! that in the glory of its sheen
Is to the bright sky as yon blushing rose
Unto the flowers less choice that blossom near.
Thy smile! that beams the lode-star of my being,
And checks the full-charged channels of the breath,
Lulls me in outward calm, yet fires my soul
With all the dear delirium of love—
That makes me all forget the world around,
And the world's troubles and its meaner joys,
Circling me, heedless of all else, within
A world itself creates for us alone.
Thy powerful smile! beneath its magic force
I rise to higher, happier, holier state
Than ever glittered round the Kings of earth.
Thy sacred smile! for which the prisoner's cell
Would lose its shame and be a heaven to me!

"And in a few short days, yet seeming long,
At the pure altar of the village church,
Well known from earliest days of infancy,
Together shall our hands be joined, while stand
Our parents and our many friends around.
Then mid their words of gratulation true
What transport mine to whisper in thine ear
The hallowed name of wife! and thou shalt smile,
Much trembling, yet all happy, even as now—
Oh, my heart's pride, smile ever on me thus!"

So LAUNCELOT, then GERTRUDE yet more near
Bringing the dark effulgence of her eyes,
And bending o'er him, while with raptured sense
He saw the large affection of her soul
Gleam in its fulness:

"More, my LAUNCELOT,
Why ceasest thou, sweet life? for I could hang
Upon the flowing honey of thy tongue,
Nor ever weary—not the flattery wins me—
That pleases but in showing thou art pleased—
But there is somewhat in the lov'd one's voice
That holds and trances all a woman's heart,
Fixes her every thought, fills her whole mind,
And makes her careless of the passing scene—
A dear enjoyment—such was mine but now.
Speak more then, LAUNCELOT, of what I heed not,
Tell of thy dreams, thy rambles, or thy books,
Tell of thy field sports—of the marsh where nest
The wild fowl doom'd, good need! to deck my hair.
Is this thy fusil charged? nay? harmless then!

'Tis well, my own, that love has taught thee caution,
And yet death's instruments at best beseem not
Weak woman's presence."
"Nay," laughed LAUNCELOT,
"Uncharged why fear it? I will show thee proof—
There—thus I point it at thee—now harsh tyrant—
Repent thee of thy deeds of murder done,
Of all the killing glances of thine eye,
Of all the treachery of thy luring smile,
Of all the falsehoods of thy siren tongue,
And all the deaths that blossom on thy cheek!
Repent thee speedily—for thou shalt die,
And by the hand of him thou hast enslaved"—
A heavenly smile passed o'er the face of GERTRUDE,
"Give fire," she said—and fell!

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

And did he shriek and rave in his despair?
Did he send up thro' air the cry of grief?
Did he kneel wildly by that lifeless form,
And with his withering anguish rend the heavens?
He spoke not—moved not—he was still as death—
There are some woes too deep for utterance,
That burst not into glare, but burn in gloom;
Such woe was LAUNCELOT'S, the surface calm,
But oh, how awful was the depth below!
How terrible the speechless, silent pain,
That bound his nerveless limbs, yet gave his sense
The power to think and feel—and rack'd his soul,

Helpless, yet burning with the will to do—
Anon he charged his weapon yet again,
Else motionless, nor speaking—yet again
Rang death, and LAUNCELOT self-slaughtered fell!

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

In yon lone corner of the old churchyard
Beneath the shade which the light feathery willow
With the gaunt cypress intermingled weaves,
Are laid the ashes of the unhappy pair.
A stone of clearest marble marks the spot;
On it no pompous story is engraved,
No tedious tribute to the unhearkening dead;
The grief-struck gazer—and who gazing grieves not?—
Draws near and reads at length the mournful tale
Told by the words—

"Gertrude and Launcelot."

LINES TO LAURA.

SUGGESTED by the following from Grosier, quoted by Moore in his Lalla Rookh :—"Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings when it is perched appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour."

I.

THERE is a bird that roams within,
The orange-groves of far Tonquin,
And such melodious music pours
The fragrance-breathing bowers among,
That all who seek yon sunny shores
Harken and wonder at the song;
So soft, so rich the strain that all
The Bird of Heaven the warbler call.

My Laura, like this bird thou art,
Thy winning ways entrance each heart,
And who may chance thy charms to see
Forsake all else to worship thee;
Thy power resistless all declare,
And hail thee matchless 'mong the fair.

II.

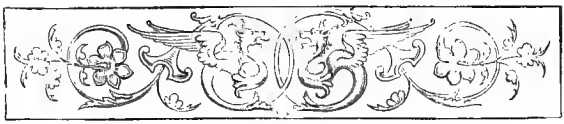
Oh, glorious is the colour spread
  Along that bird's refulgent wings,
Aye, and a brighter radiance shed
  Than ever graced the robes of kings;
The tints are rare as those that show
On Iris' various-painted bow,
And none of mortal race may view
A plumage of a richer hue—
But, lo, his wings are spread, and now
He flies from off his leafy bough,
He goes o'er other groves to soar,
And see—his beauty is no more!
His loveliness apace is faded,
  His splendour withers in his flight,
Those feathers late so softly shaded
  No longer dart their gemmy light—

Oh, Laura, let my verse be heard,
Scorn not to learn of this sweet bird,
Like him, believe me, shalt thou be
Whenever thou forsakest me,
If e'er thou spread thy wing to fly,
  And fickle seek another's arms,
Dim then shall grow thy lustrous eye
  And perish all thy peerless charms.

III.

Oh, shouldst thou ever roam from me,
How grieved one faithful heart would be,

What pain and sorrow would be mine,
And ah, what ruined beauty thine?
Hear, Laura, hear thy lover true
His vows of love once more renew,
And thou, as oft before, confess
That life with him were happiness—
One willing word—and we will prove
This world for us a world of love—
Secure shall be thy beauty's pride,
And blissful shall the moments glide
In such a pure Elysian stream
As ne'er was pictured in a dream—
Thus sweet shall pass our lives away,
But if thou quit thy place of rest,
Then shall thy loveliness decay,
And mine shall be an aching breast!



THE SLAVE-FRIEND'S SENTENCE.

"YOU committed the offence of aiding a slave to run away "and depart from his master's service—*and you are now to die* "*for it.*"

Sentence pronounced on John Brown at New Orleans—
Vide Spectator, 2nd March, 1844.

DEATH on the gallows! a felon's doom!
Death on the gallows! great God! for whom?
For the man who stretch'd his hand to save
From the tyrant's scourge the suffering slave?
For the man who burst the galling chain,
And gave to the captive her freedom again?
For him in whom yon poor one knew
A friend?—and the first, since a lawless crew
Her from her mother's bosom tore;
And mocking her prayers for mercy bore
In their woe-fraught ship to a distant shore!
Gallows for him! a palace raise—
There bid him pass his honour'd days—
And let the poet's verses flow,
High reverence for his name to show,

And to the judge, yon fiend of hell,
The scorn of honest men to tell!
Let voice and type with lyre and lute
Proclaim aloud the ermin'd brute!
Let them imprint with a damning brand
That godless deed in a godless land!

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.

"The pestilence that walketh in darkness—
"the destruction that wasteth at noon day"—
Psalm XCI. 6.

"And Death triumphant rides the tainted gale."
Lord Carlisle's Ox. Pr. Poem.

WHY over London's towers to-day
Hovers a dark and threatening gloom?
Why in her halls so lately gay
Reigns now the silence of the tomb?
Why drear and vacant is each street,
And whither fled the frequent throng
That trod the way with hurried feet,
Or strolled in idleness along?
Oh, will no sound the stillness break,
That chills with awe the gazer's soul?
And from his mind will nothing make
The sickening film of horror roll?—
There is a sound—but 'twill not cheer—
There is a cry—a cry of dread—
Hark how it swells upon the ear—
Bring out your dead! bring out your dead!

The demon of the noisome pest
Uprises in his loathsome lair,
Throws off the torpid folds of rest,
And hies him through the lurid air;
No thunder tells his stealthy course,
No lightnings show him in his flight,
And the deep venom of his force
Is mark'd not by the tempest's might!
Thro' the dark, heavy, stagnant air
He breathes upon the fated scene,
And lo, a deadly blight hangs there
Where hope and joy and love have been!
None may a living city know,
Save where the sullen bedrel's tread
Keeps cadence with the words of woe,
Bring out your dead! bring out your dead!

The mother with heart-broken cries
Mourns her unhappy infant's death,
And eagerly though vainly tries
Each art to stay the fleeting breath,
The maid exhausts her tender care
To comfort him she loves the best,
And in the madness of despair
Clasps the foul lazar to her breast!
The father wails his dying son,
Unmann'd to think the manly form
Must ere the day's sad course be run
Be junket-forage for the worm;

With bursting sob and flowing eye
He watches by the doom'd one's bed,
And starts to hear the warning cry,
Bring out your dead! bring out your dead!

Never since ancient Edward's reign
Has London known such awful day,
And never may her sons again
See death thus fiercely grasp his prey—
The wretch with plague-spots cover'd o'er,
Scarce able in his feeble state
To tell the sickening pains that bore
Sure impress of the coming fate—
The livid hue that went and came,
The burning skin, the swimming eye,
The writhing of the tortur'd frame,
The death throe, and its agony—
And never more thro' London's ways
Be that sepulchral chorus spread,
That strikes into his soul, and stays
The listener's step—Bring out your dead!

THE CARES OF CHILDHOOD.

"Si quis Deus mihi largiatur ut ex hâc ætate repuerescam, et in cunis vagiam, *valde recusem.*"

Cicero de Senectute.

"So numerous are the follies that annoy,
The mind and heart of every sprightly boy."

Cowper.

"There are who think that childhood does not share
With age the cup, the bitter cup, of care;
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth—
That every age and rank is born to ruth."

Kirke White.

"He maintained that a boy at school was the happiest of human beings. I supported a different opinion from which I have never yet varied, that a man is happier, and I enlarged upon the anxiety and sufferings that are endured at school."

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

* I HAVE heard them say that our childhood's hours are the happiest time of our earthly race; and they speak with regret of their summer-bowers, and

* These verses were contributed to *Notes and Queries* fifteen years ago, and printed designedly in the form here given.

the mirth they knew in the butterfly chase; and they sorrow to think that those days are past, when their young hearts bounded with lightsome glee, when by none of the clouds of care o'ercast, the sun of their joy shone cheerily. But oh! they surely forget that the boy may have grief of his own that strikes deep in his heart; that an angry frown, or a broken toy, may inflict for a time a cureless smart; and that little pain is as great to him as a weightier woe to an older mind! Aye! the harsh reproof, the unfavour'd whim, may be sharp as a pang of a graver kind! Then how dimsighted and thoughtless are those who would they were frolicsome children and free; they should rather rejoice to have fled from the woes that hung o'er them once so heavily. In misfortune's rude shocks the practis'd art of *the man* may perchance disclose relief, but *the child* in his innocence of heart will bow 'neath the stroke of a trifling grief.

THE THREE SHIPWRECKS.

AN ALLEGORY.

I DREAMT me wrecked in the stormy Frith
  That receives the winding Forth,
And dark was the sky,
And the waves leapt high,
  And the wind blew fierce from the north ;
I shrieked aloud in my wild despair,
  And looked madly for help around
O'er the raging main,
But I looked in vain,
  No sign of help was found !
At length methought come floating on
  I saw a welcome plank,
I made for it soon—
But the plank was none,
  And in the deep surge I sank.

THAT night I dreamt me wrecked again,
'Twas mid the southern seas,
With Italia's shore
Our prow before,
And a calm and favouring breeze;
But our bark went down, and I seized in haste
A plank that was drifted by,
'Twas a goodly board,
And might well afford
Stout aid in my agony;
But 'twas cumbered with lead and 'twas pierced with holes,
And vain was its power to save,
And though all despite
I clung to it tight,
I fell to my watery grave.

ONCE more the dream—off England's coast
I seized my plank as it passed,
Though old and rough,
'Twas of right good stuff,
And we gallantly braved the blast.
Though the loud winds howled,
And the dark heavens scowled,
And the waves sung their hoarse deep song,
Now low, now high,
My plank and I
Were cheerily borne along,

And soon the haven appeared in view,
  And the wished-for land I trod,
Then my plank, I knew,
Was firm and true,
  And I owned it *sent from God!*

1844.

SONNET ACROSTIC

For the Fourteenth September.

JUNE has pass'd onward with its humid heat,
Onward July has march'd in muggy guise,
August in showers has sounded a retreat,
Now comes September, and our hopes arise,
Now comes the month that says cool nights are near;
Evöe, let us shout, but it shall claim
Sublimer honours! in a long-past year
A man was born, and consecrate to fame,
Under September's rule—would'st know his name?
Down this mild sonnet let thy glance be flung,
Inspect th' initial of each leading word,
Then from its mantle of the Latin tongue
Unwrap the product, and unless I've err'd,
So shall the honour'd name appear,—'tis thine,
J——H——!

Hongkong, 1860.

SONG.

Go, false lover, I abjure thee,
Go, and woo another's smile,
Let thy traitor tongue procure thee
Other puppet of thy guile;
Use thine art, be gentle ever,
All thy winning power be shown,
Tell her thou'lt forget her never,
Hers till death, and hers alone.

Say her will shall be thy pleasure,
And her happiness thy pride,
Say her love's a dearer treasure
Than the world can give beside;
Swear thou never wilt forsake her
Till the sun shall cease to shine,
Win her—cast her off—and break her
Heart, as thou hast broken mine!

SERENADE.

Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis.
Horace, Carm, i., 25; 7.

WAKE, Lydia, wake, the morning light
Is breaking forth on tree and flower,
And the pale shades of sullen night
Fly back as dawns the joyous hour;
But not to me is light or joy
Upon the laughing suntide borne;
Wake, ladye, wake, and hear me sigh—
Ah, I am all amort and lorn!

Wake, cruel Lydia, all is gloom
Where beauty's lamp delays to shine,
One glance from thee, love, shall illume
This dark and rayless heart of mine.
And dost thou sleep when he is near,
He who with thee would cease to mourn?
Wake, ladye, wake, my sighs to hear—
Ah, I am all amort and lorn!

THY PRAYER IS HEARD.

St. Luke, i., 13.

I crossed the aisle the shrine to gain,
And unobserved to catch the strain—
I saw her, on her bended knee
Gazing with fervent piety
Upon the Virgin—loose her hair
Floated adown her bosom bare,
Oh she was heavenly, passing fair—
I saw her, and I thought to stay,
I could not drag my steps away,
And so I listened while her song
Flowed thus in dulcet tones along:

Ave Maria! heal my grief,
And deign a suppliant's prayer to hear,
Oh, give my bursting heart relief
From pain and sorrow, doubt and fear!

When in temptation's path I stray,
Guard me from every treacherous snare,
And guide me in the heavenly way,
Ave Maria! hear my prayer!

Ave Maria! grant that I
My future days may pass in peace,
And till the welcome hour I die
That all my earthly troubles cease;
Or if it were to me but given
That while I kneel before thy shrine,
My soul might wing its way to heaven,
Oh, what a glorious part were mine!

Ave Maria! 'mong the blest
My grateful voice I'd gladly raise,
And while the tuneful chords I pressed,
Each note should syllable thy praise;
Take, take my spirit unto thee,
Place me with angels bright and fair,
From earth to heaven how sweet to flee,
Ave Maria! hear my prayer!

Ave Maria! queen of love,
Look down upon me in my woe,
Bear me from here to heaven above,
And teach me angels' bliss to know.
Ave! thou Virgin Mother, hail!
With pity now thy bosom warms,

I feel my earthly senses fail,
I see thee stretch thy guardian arms !

Hushed was the hymn—and at its close,
'Twas strange, not yet the maiden rose :
Still, still she knelt in beauty there,
Her hands upraised as if in prayer ;
Sudden around her form it seemed
A bright and holy radiance gleamed,
She sank against the pillar's base—
Forward I sprung—that lovely face
An ashy paleness overspread—
The prayer was heard—the maid was dead.

A ELLE.

"Oh, love, love, what sport dost thou make with us! Yet who would not for the moment submit to be sported with, for the joy, though imaginary, which attends the illusion?"

Sterling.

"Lips which I never kissed, and never shall."

Peter Pindar.

I.

His gladsome rays when Phœbus pours
O'er earth and sea,
And lightens up our island shores,
I think of thee:
Aye, and when men are lulled in sleep
And Nature seems
Wrapt in a silence soft and deep,
Thou fill'st my dreams!

II.

Oft when by weight of ill oppressed,
A healing balm
Thine image sheds, and fills my breast
With holy calm;

When joy and gladness hold their reign,
Thine then it is
To teach my ravished soul to attain
The full of bliss!

III.

On me what though thou little know'st
The blessings rare
That thou, unconscious all, bestow'st,
Thou witching fair,
What though to thee thy wondrous power
Is all unknown,
I love to live life's every hour
On thee alone!

IV.

One nearer step I dare not move
My prize to gain,
Lest the dear prize perchance should prove
Beloved in vain!
And should I happier be even then,
Or happier thou?
Let me not dare the thought again—
I'm happy now.

FOR MUSIC.

THEY told me thou wert false, my love,
Whom I believed divine,
They said though I might constant prove,
Thou never couldst be mine,
That soon thy father's halls would be
A gay and festive spot,
When he, the blest one, wedded thee,
But I believed it not.

I thought of happy days gone by
When dallying by thy side,
Each glance I worshipped of thine eye,
And wooed thee for my bride.
I think of this—and ne'er by me
Those days shall be forgot,
So when they tell this tale of thee,
Love, I believe it not.

JESSIE.

I.

We a' luv'd puir Jessie,
The pride o' the toon,
And the thochts o' her noo
Bring the tears rinnin' doon,
For but lately we saw her
Sae gude and sae fair,
And noo she'll come back
To Glenalmon' nae mair.

II.

Her smile was the sunshine,
Her words the saft dew,
And 'neath them the flowrets
O' luve for her grew;
O, the day was a sad ane
When Death struck her sair,
For noo she'll come back
To Glenalmon' nae mair.

III.

Her feyther and mither
  Sit greetin' their lane,
O, wha can be to them
  Like her that is gane?
A' thing boot their housie
  Looks dreary and bare,
For Jessie is noo
  In Glenalmon' nae mair.

IV.

But Jessie was spotless
  An' pure, an' we trust
Her hame is in heaven
  Wi' the true and the just,
An' 'gin we live like her,
  We'll a' meet her there,
And come back, save in thocht,
  To Glenalmon' nae mair.

GRIEF, THE RECLAIMER.

I.

I'VE seen a gentle youth and gay
His thoughtless course pursuing,
And seeking in the crooked way
Of vice his own undoing.

II.

When ah! grim Death that knows not ruth,
And little cares for Beauty,
Struck down a loved one, and the youth
Uproused him to his duty.

III.

Wisdom, by pleasure softly fanned,
Is oft by sleep o'ertaken,
But at the touch of sorrow's hand
Shall soon again awaken.

1849.

SONNET DEDICATORY,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

How hard the part, dear ladie, 'tis to write
Lines to inaugurate this gift to thee,
Not the great master's fancy could indite
A fitting eulogy—aye, even he
Of worthy language might lament the dearth,
For, weave the fairest wreath of poesy
Cull'd from all tongues and ages of the earth,
Poor in thy presence would the tribute be!
And what am I that I should hope to gain
Success in striving where the world must fail?
So let me rather own the endeavour vain,
And hold myself content if these avail
To ward reproof from my allotted task—
Approval, ladie, is far more than I can ask.

ISAIAH XXVI., 4, PARAPHRASED.

TRUST in the Lord for aye!
Eternal is his power,
His dwelling place in heaven on high
Is strength's and wisdom's tower;
Proud cities at his word
Are levelled with the dust,
Then give all reverence to the Lord,
And in Jehovah trust.

Trust in the Lord for aye!
The poor and needy foot
Shall when the cities lowly lie
Upon their pride be put;
Then walk ye in the way,
The pathway of the just,
To God your humble homage pay,
And in Jehovah trust.

"RIDE, SI SAPIS."

(*Martial*).

I.

Not always falls the gloomy shower,
Not always do the dark clouds lower
On man's uncertain day,
But sometimes gleams the cheerful sun
And glories as in triumph won,
Calling aloud to every one,
Shine, while you may!

II.

Then forth to healthy pastime go,
Pursue the fox or chase the roe,
Or hook your finny prey;
Go, seek the wild fowl in his lair,
And on the hill-tops let the air
Blow health around your flowing hair—
Sport, while you may!

III.

In revel on the grassy plain
Scorn not to join the dancing train,
  But frolic blithe as they;
Mix in the mirthful rigadoon,
And as your twinkling feet keep tune
Beneath the flood-light of the moon,
  Prank, while you may!

IV.

Command blue devils to the rear,
Bid grim despondence disappear,
  The ghosts Trophonian lay;
"*Ride, si sapis!*" let the sound
Of mirth and jollity abound,
And nothing else be heard around—
  Laugh, while you may!

V.

A merry heart, we know withal,
Is a continual festival,
  'Twas his, the sage's say.*
So take the wise man at his word,
And spread the junkets on the board,
And be the wine-cup freely pour'd;
  Feast, while you may!

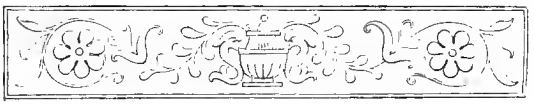
* Proverbs, xv. 15.

VI.

But ever through your earthly span,
Deal justly with your fellow-man
Of homogeneous clay.
Man cannot hold a nobler creed,
Nor one more fram'd to serve his need—
Act upon this—and then, indeed,
Live, as you may!

VII.

And when death comes, as come he must,
With boding whisper—dust to dust—
And beckons you away,
Point to the past, and through the gloom
That shrouds the mystery of the tomb,
Smile calmly on th' approaching doom,
Smile, for you may!



SONG.

I STROLLED thro' the garden, and saw a sweet flow'ret
Rejoicing its beauty and youth to display,
And with his gay beams 'gan the sun to o'erpower it,
It opened its leaves, and admitted the ray.

But the god in his splendour too fiercely was shining,
His beam was too warm for the bud and too bright,
For alas! in the stillness of rapture reclining,
It suddenly fell 'neath his withering light!

Lo! yonder the heavens that in darkness are lowering
Their waters refreshing on earth's bosom pour,
And while the mild flood o'er the petals is showering,
The flow'ret gains strength and blooms forth as before.

I've seen the young maiden appear in her beauty,
And listen entranc'd to the words of the youth,
And while he sigh'd forth his affection and duty,
She fondly reposed in his love and his truth.

But then came the hour that brought shame and dishonour,
The trusting one knew she was basely undone.
She cursed the false heart that wrought misery on her,
And droop'd as the flower at the glance of the sun!

While in sadness she pin'd, tho' her kindred reprov'd her;
They wept o'er her wrongs, and they softened her grief,
They showed her that they, and they only, had lov'd her,
And she in their sympathy found her relief.

Oh, thus is it ever! our life may be grievous,
But the sun-stroke is heal'd by the shower-drop of rain;
And tho' it may chance that the world shall deceive us,
The tears of our friends shall revive us again.

CHORAL DIRGE

OVER THE REMAINS OF HANNIBAL.

A Fragment.

(*Omnes.*)

CARTHAGE! the wide earth around
Let the notes of woe be spread,
On the tuneful lyre resound
Thy hero dead.

Warriors, strike the mournful string,
Damsels, strains of sorrow sing,
Let not the cithern's chord be mute,
Strike the tabor, sound the lute;
For he is gone, his race is run—
From the light of day
He is borne away—
Weep, Carthage, for thy fallen son!

(*Stróphe.*)

He, who erst the bolt of thunder
O'er the plains of Latium hurl'd,

He, who smote with fear and wonder
Rome, the mistress of the world.

(*Antistrophe.*)

He, to whom the Alpine mountains
Nought of terror could impart,
Rushing streams were gentle fountains,
Powerless to dismay his heart.

(*Stróphe.*)

He, whose sword of haughty foemen
Deeply drank the purple blood,
And who made the vanquish'd Roman
Bend the knee by Trebia's flood.

(*Antistrophe.*)

Of his deathless fame and glory
'Neath which nations prostrate fell,
Cannæ's field, renown'd in story,
And Lake Thrasymene shall tell.

(*Omnes.*)

Strike, warriors, strike the mournful string,
Damsels, strains of sorrow sing,
Let not the harp's sad chord be mute,
Strike the tabor, sound the lute;
He is gone—his race is run—
From the light of day
He is borne away—
Carthage, weep thy fallen son!

(*Stróphe.*)

Well might he thy fear upbraid,
Driven by thee to seek for aid
A foreign strand—
By thee of every hope bereft,
The wanderer for ever left
His native land!
Sound, Carthage, sound the notes of woe,
And let the tear-drop of repentance flow.

(*Antistrophe.*)

See he lifts the poisoned chalice,
And the treacherous darts of malice
Thus nobly flies;
Now on high he raises up,
Now he drains the deadly cup,
He sinks—he dies!
Oh, Carthage, let the tear of sorrow fall,
And honour thus the shade of Hannibal!

(*Omnes.*)

Ye warriors, strike the mournful string,
Ye damsels, strains of sorrow sing,
Let not the lyre's sad chord be mute
Strike the tabor, sound the lute;
For he is gone—his race is run—
From the light of day
He is borne away—
Weep, Carthage, weep thy fallen son!

UNDER THE PEAK.

III.

ANGLICE REDDITA.

THE FORTUNES OF ARISTÆUS.

FROM THE FOURTH GEORGIC OF VIRGIL, V. 317, AD FINEM.

WHEN Aristæus fled fair Tempe's land,
His hives destroy'd by famine's hostile hand,
Mournful at Peneus' sacred source he stood,
And call'd his parent from the rising flood:
"Mother Cyrene! throned these waves among,
Why am I, as thou sayst, of Phœbus sprung?
If of the race of gods thy son be born,
Wherefore thus all forgotten and forlorn?
Whither from me are thine affections driven?
Why didst thou order me to hope for heaven?
Behold me now of earthly fame bereft,
Late the sole produce of my labour left—
But come with thine own hand my groves upturn,
With vengeful flame my stalls and harvests burn,
Destroy my seedlings, and my vines erase,
Since thou, alas, art weary of my praise!"

'Neath yon deep river's bed the mournful sound
The mother heard ; her busy nymphs around
Were spinning fleeces of rich colours dyed,
Which famed Miletus for their use supplied :
Drymo and beauteous Xantho both were there,
Ligëa and Phyllodoce the fair,
Adown whose marble necks soft fell the golden hair ;
Nesæe and Cymodoce between
Were Spio and the young Thalia seen,
Cydippe and Lycorias—this a maid,
And that but once had sought Lucina's aid—
In garments cloth'd of rude embroidery
Clio and Berõe, daughters of the sea,
And fairy Opis and glad Ephyre,
With Deiopeia of an Asian race,
And Arethusa, eager in the chace ;
'Mongst these did Clymene the tale repeat
Of Vulcan's fruitless care and Mars' deceit,
And all the loves of all the gods she told
From father Chaos in the days of old.

Whilst all enchanted with the pleasing theme
Pursued their tasks beneath the crystal stream,
Loud cries again alarm'd the mother's ear,
And all the nymphs around were struck with fear.
At length from out the river's watery bed
Fair Arethusa raised her graceful head,
And cried " My sister ! Aristæus stands,
Thy fondest care, on father Peneus' sands,
He weeps beneath our fountain's sacred shades,
And in harsh words thy cruelty upbraids"—

From such new cause for fear the mother sighed,
And "bring, oh bring him to my arms" she cried,
"Let him draw near unto our dread abodes,
And cross for once the threshold of the gods,"
She said; and bade the river part his streams,
When either side a lofty mountain seems,
Thus did the youth thro' towering billows go,
And join the expectant crowd that dwelt below—

But as he went, he view'd with wond'ring eyes
His mother's kingdom and her mansion's size,
The groves, whence issued many a pleasing sound,
And the vast lakes, within their caverns bound;
There too he saw the rivers of the earth,
Each flowing from the fount that gave him birth,
He saw whence Phasis and whence Lycus rose,
And whence the deep Enipeus onward flows,
Whence Anio sends his billows to the main,
And whence Cäicus laves the Mysian plain,
Whence Tyberinus all his waters pours,
And Hypanis that down the mountain roars,
And last Eridanus, whose golden horn
Is wont his savage features to adorn,
Than whom no fiercer river pours his floods
To the empurpled sea through verdant woods—

When he had passed these secret chambers thro',
And when Cyrene his vain murmurs knew,
Her nymphs place water from the crystal spring
Before th' astonished youth and napkins bring;
They load the board, the goblet raise on high,
And for the shrines Panchæan flames supply;

Then thus exclaims the mother: "Let us pour
"In Ocean's honour this Mæonian shower"—
By prayers old Ocean and the nymphs she moves
Who rule an hundred streams, an hundred groves;
The nectar thrice she sprinkles on the fire,
Thrice to the roof the strengthen'd flames aspire;
That the glad omen the youth's hope renew'd
Cyrene saw, and thus her tale pursued:

"In the Carpathian gulf old Proteus dwells
Who each event or past or future tells,
Yoked to his car the biped steed he guides,
And on the monsters of the Ocean rides,
Now to Emathia's port he wends his way,
Eager to see his own Pallene's bay;
Him aged Nereus and we nymphs adore,
To him 'tis given the future to explore
By fav'ring Neptune, for he tends with care
The unwieldy sea-calf in his rocky lair.
When firmly bound with chains he shall disclose
To thee the secret causes of thy woes;
Use force, my son, or nothing shalt thou learn,
Tears and entreaties 'tis his wont to spurn,
But when a captive in the circling chain
The god must yield, for thence escape is vain.

"Soon as the sun has gain'd his utmost power,
And the parch'd herbage courts the friendly shower,
Soon as the cattle fly the scorching heat,
I shall conduct thee to the seer's retreat,
Where oft he loves, when weary, to recline,
And there with chains shalt thou his limbs confine.

Then many an artifice shall he devise,
And forms of various beasts shall mock thine eyes,
In turn shall he become a tigress dire,
A furious dragon armed with scales of fire,
And next a bristly boar shall meet thy view,
Or savage lioness of tawny hue,
Or he shall bellow forth the flames' dread sound,
Glide from his bonds, and flow along the ground;
But thou, my son, compress the hamp'ring chain,
And let him aye transform himself in vain;
He shall at length resume the shape once more,
In which thou foundst him sleeping on the shore."

Thus spake Cyrene and around the head
Of her lov'd son ambrosial odours shed,
Ethereal fragrance his fair limbs bedew'd,
Inspir'd his frame, and all his powers renew'd.

Beneath a time-worn cliff there lies a cave,
Whither the winds oft drive th' advancing wave,
The beetling rocks a spacious inlet form
Where frequent barks find shelter from the storm,
Here lay old Proteus to their sight reveal'd,
And here the anxious nymph her son conceal'd
Amongst the crags; she then retir'd from view,
And in a veil of misty clouds withdrew.

Now o'er the Indian plains had Syrius burst,
And the bright sun had quench'd but half his thirst,
His rays had drained the flowing rivers dry,
And parched the herbage 'neath the sultry sky,

When Proteus rising from the watery bay
Unto the well-known grotto took his way;
Him follow all the ocean-race and throw
The briny shower around them as they go,
While the huge sea-calves on the beach recline,
And unto sleep their weary limbs resign.
Now, as a shepherd, when bright vesper calls
The pastur'd heifers to their mountain-stalls,
And when the lambs' loud bleatings from afar
Call on the hungry wolves to tempt the war,
So Proteus lay within his rocky hold,
And of his playful herds the number told.

Scarce had the aged prophet sought repose,
When Aristæus from the crags arose,
With a loud shout he onward rush'd, and cast
The griping fetter round, and held him fast.
But Proteus, mindful of his power to change,
Tried every form or horrible or strange,
Now as the roaring flames of fire he glowed,
Now as a beast appeared, and now as water flowed.

At length he found 'twere vain to hope escape,
Owned himself conquered and resumed his shape;
"Bold youth," he said, "incapable of fear!
"Who sent thee hither, and what seekst thou here?"
"Proteus, thou knowst," Cyrene's son replies,
"Thou knowst, for nought eludes thy searching eyes,
Cease then to practise these thy wiles on me,
For in obedience to a God's decree,
I enter thine abodes and supplicate
Thy powerful aid to raise my ruined state"—

He said: the prophet then with giant might
Shot from his eyeballs streams of azure light,
Gnash'd his huge teeth, and was at last constrained
To show his victor what the Fates ordained:
"Vengeance on thee no powerless god demands
For crime committed by thy lawless hands!
Orpheus the sad on thee these bitter woes,
Yet not proportioned to thy guilt bestows,
On thee these sufferings—and just Fate allows—
He sends, and fiercely mourns his ravish'd spouse.
For when in dread of thy desires unchaste
Along the river's marge she fled in haste,
The lady, doom'd a hapless death to meet,
Saw not the serpent coiled beneath her feet,
Which on the bank, and eager for its prey,
Mid the tall herbage in concealment lay.

"The sister-choir of Dryads wailed around,
And the high mountains caught the plaintive sound,
In tears the rocks of Rhodope deplored,
And streams of grief down sorrowing Hebrus poured,
Pangæus wept, and Rhœsus' martial plain,
The Getæ echoed back their shrieks again,
And Actian Orithyia joined the mournful strain.

"Orpheus himself to soothe love's burning fire
Sought consolation from the gladsome lyre,
Apart from men, and by the boisterous sea,
Of thee, his beauteous bride, and aye of thee,
He sang, when first shone forth the morning light,
And when all nature hail'd the approach of night.

For thee he entered the Tænarian straits,
And passed undaunted Pluto's lofty gates,
For thee he dared Hell's dark and gloomy glades,
Sought the dread mansions of the paly shades,
And saw the god, whose heart 'gainst mercy steel'd
To human prayers was never known to yield.

"Lo! as the magic notes through Hades spread
Advanced the shadowy phantoms of the dead—
Thus birds by thousands to the grove resort
When evening drives them from their mountain-sport—
The ghosts of matrons and of heroes slain,
Of youths and virgins fill'd yon crowded plain,
With many an infant, whose confiding smile
Had hailed the parent from the funeral pile;
All gathered there round whom Cocytus flows,
Whom the dread lake and winding Styx enclose;
Even death's profoundest dungeons were amazed,
And the fell Furies' snakes in wonder gazed,
For once Ixion's wheel was seen to pause,
And Cerberus to close his triple jaws.

"Now Orpheus joyfully his steps retraced,
And journeyed upward to the earth in haste,
Him followed his Eurydice regained—
For thus had royal Proserpine ordained—
When lo! a sudden phrenzy seiz'd his mind,
('Twas to be pardoned, had the shades inclin'd)
Scarce was it theirs the light of day to see
Ere he look'd back on his Eurydice!

"Incautious youth! what shouts were heard to break
From the still waters of the Avernian lake,

Soon as with joy the attendant spirits saw
The lover violate the tyrant's law!
'Orpheus, alas!' Eurydice begun,
'Say by what madness are we thus undone?
'Me to the depths of hell the Fates recall
'And o'er my sight death throws his darkening pall,
'Farewell, farewell, behold me borne away
'For ever from the cheerful light of day,
'Behold me thus my piteous lot deplore,
'And stretch towards thee my feeble hands, ah, thine no more!'

"She said, and as through air the smoke-wreath flies
Suddenly vanished from his wondering eyes;
He grasped the air and struggled to accost
Hapless Eurydice for ever lost!
Hell's grisly guardian he besought in vain
To bear him o'er the opposing lake again;
Where should he turn? what power was his to move
The shades to grant him his twice-ravished love?
Her, whom the Stygian boat already bore
A lifeless captive to the adverse shore.

"For seven long months they say that Orpheus wept
Where the bleak rocks by howling blasts are swept,
For seven long months where lonely Strymon flows,
He brooded o'er his melancholy woes,
And by the harmonious music of his lyre
Led oaks along and soothed the tiger's ire—
—So Philomela, when her nest she finds
Of her lov'd offspring robbed by heartless hinds,

Sits on a bough the shady groves among
And through the night renews her doleful song,
Loudly she wails, and echo far around
The neighbouring woodlands with the plaintive sound—
—No hymeneal joys his soul could bend,
'Twas his through northern lands alone to wend,
To see where Tanaïs rolls his waves of snow,
And o'er Riphæan hills of ice to go,
But aye his lost Eurydice to sing
And the vain favours of the infernal king.

"For this neglect the fierce Ciconian dames,
Their passions fired by Bacchus' nightly flames,
Th' unhappy lover seized in savage mood,
Rent his fair limbs and o'er the mountain strew'd;
His head from off the marble neck was torn,
And down the stream of rapid Hebrus borne,
But even then he cried with faltering breath
'Eurydice,' as closed his life in death,
And as he swept along, on either side
'Eurydice' the vocal banks replied"—

Thus Proteus spoke and sought his ocean-home,
And where he sank, uprose the circling foam;
Not so Cyrene: for in accents mild
She thus essayed to calm her sorrowing child;
"My son, all thought of misery now forego,
Such is the pregnant source of this thy woe;
The nymphs with whom she joined in mirthful play
Hence have thy hives remorseless swept away.
Of them seek peace, and with a suppliant air
Gifts for these guardians of the woods prepare,

Then shall they slack their wrath, and grant thy prayer.
"But first my son it shall be mine to explain
How thou must hope thine object to attain:
Select four beauteous bulls that may be seen
Grazing for thee Lycæus' pastures green,
With four fair heifers, yet untaught to bow
Their virgin necks beneath the weighty plough,
For these on high four goodly shrines uprear
Where the tall temples of the nymphs appear,
Next, from their veins emit the sacred blood
And leave the bodies in the shady wood.
When the ninth morn her rising beams shall spread,
Appease with Lethe's poppies Orpheus dead,
Then with a calf and lamb fresh-slaughtered move
Eurydice, and hie thee to the grove."
Thus said Cyrene: nor her son delays
To seek the temple and the shrines upraise,
The four fair bulls that cropped the flowery meads,
And the four heifers to the fane he leads;
Soon as the ninth Aurora darts her light,
Orpheus he honours with the appointed rite,
Then quickly to the shady grove he flies—
When lo! a wonder meets his doubting eyes!
From out the entrails of the victims slain
Bees swarm on bees and fill the neighbouring plain;
Sportive they hum the ruptured sides among,
Or roll in vast and darkening clouds along,
Now flutter round the tree's high top, and now
Hang in thick clusters from the bending bough.

FROM VIRGIL.

CONCLUSION OF THE GEORGICS.

TREES, fields, and cattle thus have been my theme,
Whilst mighty Cæsar at Euphrates' stream
Thunders in war, makes willing nations bow,
And seeks victorious high Olympus' brow.
I, Virgil, then to pleasure's service trained,
In Naples' soft voluptuous bowers remained,
I, who a youth the pastoral verse essay'd,
And sang thee, Tityrus, 'neath the beechen shade.

ÆNEID, vi., 872—886.

WHAT groans of men that field shall bear afar
To the great city of the God of war,
And oh, what funeral pomp it is thy doom,
Tiber, to see, as past the recent tomb
Thou glidest! for on none of Trojan line
So brightly shall the hopes of Latium shine,

And ne'er with heart so proud another son
The land of Romulus shall gaze upon.
Alas! for piety your voices raise,
Alas! and for the faith of ancient days,
And that right hand that never knew to yield
Mid the red carnage of the battle-field!
Where was the foeman that intact of harm
'Scaped from the terrors of the hero's arm,
Whether on foot he fought among the ranks,
Or pressed with steel the horse's foaming flanks?
Oh, youth, lamented of the good and great,
If thou may burst the adverse bonds of fate,
MARCELLUS thou shalt be!
Haste, haste and shower
From the full hand the lily's fragrant flower!
It shall be mine above his grave to strew
Chaplets and garlands of the purple hue;
Such gifts as these I may at least employ
To soothe the spirit of the kinsman boy,
And the sad task, though fruitless, still enjoy!

ÆNEID, vi., 893, AD FINEM.

Two gates hath sleep, of horn the one is made,
And gives free egress to the faithful shade,
While through the other which in ivory gleams
The gods below send up deceitful dreams.

When old Anchises' tale was at an end
He bade his offspring and the sibyl wend
Forth from the ivory gate—
Æneas then
Made for his ships and straight rejoined his men;
Along the coast upon his right that lay
Into Caieta's port he shapes his way,
From the high prows the anchors forth are cast,
And on the beach the vessels moored at last.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

I.—FROM THE ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS.

v. 151.

THOU oracle of Jove! with sound so sweet
Say, for what purpose hast thou journeyed here?
Why hast thou left thy treasure-laden seat,
The costly temple of the Pythian seer?
I tremble, and my mind is racked with fear—
Then Delius, Pæan, or whate'er thy name,
To me, who aye thy sacred power revere,
What new event thou plannest, oh proclaim
Say, golden child of hope, imperishable Fame!

Divine Minerva, progeny of Jove,
Save us, oh save us, by thy powerful hand,
And thou, too, queen Diana, from above
Come to our aid, protectress of our land,
Who in our forum tak'st thine honoured stand,
Upraised aloft on thy resplendent car,
Form ye with Phœbus a resistless band,

Oh Phœbus, skilled to hurl the dart afar,
Lend as of yore thine aid in this destroying war!

Alas, ye Gods! I bear unnumbered woes,
My hapless progeny struck down I see,
Nor can my troubled spirit aught propose
That from our misery may set us free;
The produce of the earth dies wretchedly,
The mother at the mournful birth is lost,
Many as birds together madly flee,
Fiercer than flames they rush a countless host,
Unto the gloomy god that sways the western coast.

By these sad deaths our land a loss sustains,
Whole generations still unburied lie
Upon yon hateful and disastrous plains
Without due honour to their memory;
Widows and aged mothers onward hie
To where yon altars grace the rising ground,
Imploring with one voice the Deity
To expel the woes that compass them around,
And ever and anon is heard the Pæan's sound.

Oh therefore, child of Jove, fair Rescue send,
And drive this grievous pestilence away,
Compel him hence his ruthless steps to bend,
For now, his shield cast off, he seeks the affray,
And armed with cries of terror and dismay,

At morn destroys what night to life has given;
Then let him to the boisterous Thracian bay,
Or Amphitrite's ocean bowers be driven,
Or with thy dreaded lightning whelm him, king of Heaven.

Thee too, oh Lycius, fain would I behold
On our behalf employ thy deadly bow,
And Artemis the shafts with which of old
She thro' the Arcadian hills was wont to go,
Lord of the golden crown! remove our woe,
Friend of the Mænades, and god of wine,
To whom the surname of our land we owe,
Flourish aloft thy glaring torch of pine,
And drive away the god unworthy seats divine.

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v. 453.

WHO is the man whom the Delphian god
Declares to have done an unspeakable deed?
'Tis time that he leave his accursed abode,
And rival the swift-footed courser in speed;
For upon him in ire,
And brandishing fire,
The Thunderer's offspring prepares to descend,
While against whom nor wails,
Nor entreaty prevails,
The Fates their assistance are ready to lend.

From snowy Parnassus a voice is departed
Commanding each mortal to aid the endeavour,
For lonely the murderer roams broken-hearted,
And brute-like abides in the caverns for ever.
Thus the voice that hath birth
In the centre of earth
Hath aye been unable to whelm him with ill,
But with all its dread power
In every long hour
It hovers around him and threatens him still.

Oh, fearfully by his ambiguous words
Yon infallible augur hath troubled my mind,
So that nought which assent or denial affords,
Can I in my dreadful uncertainty find.
In doubt as I rest
I hope for the best,
No relief can the past or the future propose,
Nor does rumour assign
Any quarrel of thine
With the people, my king, as the source of our woes.

The foul breath of calumny hath not as yet
Of Œdipus tarnished the glory and fame,
Who the perishing Thebans from mystery's net
To free in the time of necessity came;
Though Apollo and Jove
From their mansions above

The actions of mortals are able to scan,
I shall ever deny
That greater than I
A prophet exists in the judgment of man.

Though one than another more skilful may be,
I care not, and till this dark tale be displayed
In the colours of truth, I shall never agree
With those who on him their suspicion have laid;
Wise was he, and bold
In that contest of old,
When the Sphynx in confusion abandoned her place;
Aye, then did he prove
For our country his love,
And shall never by me be regarded as base.

v. 853.

Oh that it were my daily fate
To support the hallowed state
Of words and deeds that have on high
Their stablished dwelling in the sky!
Each law that rules them comes from heaven,
And great Olympus for their sire is given—
To the nature of man
They owe not their birth,
Oblivion shall never
O'erwhelm them on earth,

Within them a deity
Dwelleth sublime,
And they shall be ever
Uninjured by time—
The hated tyrant springs from pride,
And pride, when filled with wantonness,
Oft dashes o'er the mountain-side,
And falls to darkness and distress;
But oh, may Heaven guide rightly now
This strife to benefit the land,
Then ever more be this my vow
To hold the gods my guardian band;
And these if any one proceed
To injure or by word or deed,
Unawed by justice, or the might
That frowns from dread Olympus' height,
Bear, venging Fates, the wretch away,
And thus his insolence repay,
Save he resume an honoured part,
Practise no more unhallowed art,
And set not on forbidden things his heart—
If deeds as these be known to thrive,
What mortal man will care to strive
'Gainst passion's darts of fire?
If deeds as these be once esteemed
Holy, and honorable deemed,
Why need I lead the choir?
Never indeed shall I again
Visit the sacred Delphic fane,

Or Aba's oracle divine,
Or the far-famed Olympic shrine,
Until the truth made known I see
Of this deep hidden mystery—
Oh Jove, if thou, as men suppose,
Art king and lord supreme on high,
We pray thee, let not these our woes
Escape thine all observing eye;
Thy prophecies declared of yore
Concerning Laius are no more,
Apollo's honours sink into decay,
And all things great and heavenly fade away!

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v. 1076.

If aught of prescience dwell in me,
If 'tis mine to guess aright,
Thou, Cithæron, shalt not be
By to-morrow's favoured light
Unhonoured in the choral song by us,
Mother, protectress, friend of Œdipus!

Since unto our much loved lord
Once Cithæron brought relief,
Do thou thy favour now accord,
Phœbus, healer of our grief!
My king, no humble habitant of earth
E'er called thee son—a goddess gave thee birth!

Some virgin daughter of the gods,
Or celestial nymph, I ween,
In his mountainous abodes
Dallying with Pan hath been—
Haply the honour of thy birth sustains
Apollo, guardian of the rural plains!

Was it Mercury, who sways
High Cyllene's rocky steep?
Or Bacchus, who his festal days
On the upland loves to keep?
Say, did he mould thee with some lovely one
Of the fair nymphs that sport on Helicon?

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v. 1176.

ALAS, the hapless race of men
While yet in life I hold as nought—
What wretched man could ever gain
More of enjoyment than the thought?

I call none happy here below,
Warned, Œdipus, by thy dread fate,
For bitter care and grief and woe
Shall alway vex thy future state.

With the triumphant archer's skill
Thou bor'st away the blissful prize,
Thy part it was, successful still,
To slay the Sphinx of monstrous size;

Unto this land thou wert a tower,
Wherefore we owned thee for our lord,
And gave thee, mighty prince, with power
To wield in Thebes the regal sword.

Fair was thy fortune then—but now,
Of all is not thy lot the worst?
Who claims compassion more than thou?
Oh, who of men more sadly curst?

Hath not one port alike contained—
Contained the parent and the child?
How have thy father's furrows deigned
Thus long to know themselves defiled?

Time, that brings every thing to light,
Hath shown each deed that thou hast done,
Justice condemns the unhallowed rite
That binds the mother and the son.

Offspring of Laius! would to heaven
Thou never hadst been known to me,
For now unto my life is given
Nought but to mourn thy misery!

In short—by thee I drew my breath,
By thee took heart and ceased to weep,
Nay more—by thee despising death,
Securely closed mine eyes in sleep.

II.—FROM THE TRACHINIÆ.

v. 94.

RESPLENDENT sun, whom starry night
First destroys, then brings to light,
Hear my prayer! oh, hear and tell
Where Alcmena's child doth dwell!
  Is he at the ocean straits,
  Or the continental gates?
Lord of the all-seeing eye,
Say, refulgent deity!

Dejanira, whelmed with grief,
  Once the victor's prize,
Ne'er lets slumber give relief
  To her tearful eyes;
But as a fluttering bird of air
On her widowed couch of care
The absence of her lord she mourns,
Yet still, alas, he ne'er returns!

For as the waves, advancing fast,
Are onward borne upon the blast,
  And sweep across the main,
Thus do the cares of life urge on
The Theban hero, Cadmus' son,
  And aye he toils in vain,
Yet ever by the bounteous gods,
Preserved from Pluto's dark abodes.

Lady! thine actions are unwise,
Take the counsel I advise,
Battling with thy secret thought
Still it is with pleasure fraught.
Cast not thou thy hopes away,
Since the god, whom all obey,
Nothing will on man bestow
Free from labour, free from woe;
Joys and cares
Alternate are,
Like the Bear's
Revolving star.

Plutus, the Fates, and starry night
Bide not with mortal man for ever;
Too soon our blessings take their flight,
To stay them were a vain endeavour!
'Twere best I ween,
That thou, my queen,
Shouldst still hope on, and banish grief,
Since Jove is ne'er
Averse to prayer,
But to his sons sends aye relief.

FROM MOSCHUS.

THE DIRGE OF BION.

SICILIAN Muses, sound the note of woe!
Ye nightingales, that chant your piteous song
The shady groves among,
Let Arethusa's fountains know
That Bion the harmonious swain is dead,
And that with him the Doric melody is fled.

Sicilian Muses, sound the note of woe!
Oh thrice-desiréd! say what daring one
Upon thy pipe presumptuous shall blow,
Or place his mouth thy hallowed reeds upon?
For still the breathing of thy lips is heard,
And throned among the sedgy weeds
Still Echo on thy music feeds;
Bear then the song to Pan—even he
Would fear to risk the strife with thee,
Lest thou to him should be preferr'd.

Clearest of streams! to thee another pain,
Thus, Meles, art thou grieved again,
Sweet mouthpiece of Calliope,
  Thy Homer died in days of old,
And he, thy beauteous son, by thee
  Was deep-lamented, as 'tis told,
When all the brooks in tears did mourn
And o'er the sea the plaint was borne;
But now thou wail'st another son,
And by the racking grief art thou again undone!

  Each loved the font,
  The one was wont
At Pegasus to drink his fill,
The other quaffed from Arethusa's rill;
This, Tyndar's daughter, lovely dame,
  And Thetis' mighty offspring sung,
And on his harp string was the name
  Of Spartan Meneläus rung;
That made not wars nor tears his choice,
  But Pan inspired his rustic lays,
He sang of simple shepherd boys,
  And singing led his flocks to graze;
'Twas his to frame the tuneful reed,
To milk the heifer in the mead,
To teach the youths the perfect bliss
That lies in every honied kiss,
And in his bosom Cupid would remain,
For Aphrodité loved the gentle swain.

Sicilian Muses, sound the note of woe !
Thee, Bion, every famous city moans,
More than for Hesiod Ascra's sorrows flow,
And from Bæotian rills less deep the groans
When Pindar died, and Cea's citadel
Wept not so much when her loved minstrel fell ;
And more than for Archilochus
Does Paros isle regret,
And Mitylene's sons for thine
Their Sappho's songs forget.

Sicilian Muses, sound the note of woe !
Alas when mallows in the garden die,
Or lovely anise flowrets cease to blow,
Or seline budding verdantly,
These learn again their heads to rear,
And flourish in another year,
But man in strength's and wisdom's bloom
Soon as he yields his latest breath,
The never ending sleep of death
Sleeps listless in the hollow tomb,
And ah, thus thou
Fulfillest now
In silence thine allotted doom !—

FROM PINDAR.

THE THIRD OLYMPIC ODE.

May Tindar's offspring from their thrones above
And bright-haired Helena my verse approve,
While I, in Agrigentum's praise
An hymn Olympionic raise,
And give the honour due to Theron's name,
Whose steeds enrol him in the ranks of fame.
The Muse her kindly aid affords,
And in his course her poet leads,
Instructs him on the Doric chords
To celebrate heroic deeds;
For since Œnesidamus' son
A noble victory hath won,
'Tis meet to seize the lyre again,
Awake the eulogistic strain,
And on the soothing pipe prolong
The tuneful note and choral song.

Lo! Pisa bids me sing,
Pisa, whence spring

The heavenly lays
To gods that raise
The men whose locks the Ætolian sire,
Just ruler of the warlike scene,
In glad obedience to the word
Of Hercules, prepares to gird
With the dark olive's leaves of green;
Which, the reward of generous fire
Displayed upon Olympia's plain,
Amphitryon's godlike boy of yore
From Ister's shady fountain bore;
Such of his suasive tongue the grace,
That this fair prize 'twas his to gain
From the far Hyperborean race,
Who worship at Apollo's fane.

Mindful was he, and asked of Jove
The spacious all-receiving grove,
And that dark plant, to men on earth
The crown of valour and of worth,—
Already had he reared a shrine
In honour of his sire divine,
Already had the queen of night
Borne onwards in her golden car,
Spread forth before him all her light,
Darted her evening rays afar,
And the high judgment of the strife decreed
Near the rude rocks where Alpheus' waters speed.

But still the Kronian vale was bare,
No beauteous tree gave shelter there,

He saw the fields on every side
Neath the fierce sunbeam parched and dried,
And to the Istrian land he hied:
There, when Latona's daughter rode
On flying steeds along,
She saw the hero, as he strode
The winding paths Arcadia's hills among;—
What time compelled by fate he sought
Within her mountain hold,
And to Eurystheus proudly brought
The hind with horns of gold,
On which in honour of the Virgin's fame
Täygeta inscribed Diana's name.

The chace he led, and gained that shore
Where the cold northern tempests roar,
And olives grace the strand;
These he beheld with wondering eyes,
And straight resolved to bear the prize
To fair Olympia's land,
Where round the goal with furious speed
The champions urge the labouring steed.
Now, unto this our sacred feast
With Leda's sons, a welcome guest,
He hies him from afar,
For when he sought Olympus' height,
He gave to them to rule the fight,
And guide the rapid car.

My soul impels me to declare
That Tindar's sons, a godlike pair,

Have made the light of glory shine
On Theron and his royal line;
For oft the Emmenidæ have stored
In pious mood the friendly board,
Thus to themselves have honour given,
And kept the blessed rites of heaven—

As water of all elements is best,
And of all metals gold the costliest,
Like them the virtuous Theron gains
Of high renown the utmost bounds,
And to that spot at length attains
Where great Alcides' columns press the ground.
Further than these, indeed, to hope to soar
Alike to wise and unwise vain must seem,
So let me give the fond endeavour o'er,
And own 'twere fruitless to pursue the pleasing theme.

FROM ANACREON.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας.

OF Cadmus I would gladly sing,
Or of the bold Atreidæ twain,
But when I touch my lyre, each string
Gives forth alone Love's soothing strain.

I changed the chords, the lyre and all,
And then to sound the labours strove
Of Hercules, yet still would fall
Upon my ear no theme but Love.

Heroes, farewell! in your high praise
No more I'll wake the silvery tone,
My lyre its voice no more will raise
To any note but Love's alone.

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις.

HORNS to the bull
Hath nature decreed,
Swiftness to hares
And hoofs to the steed,
Swimming to fishes,
And teeth for the fight
To the lion—to birds
The magic of flight;
To man she gave wisdom—
Then what could she give
To woman? what was there
For her to receive?
She gave beauty, that rivals
The shield and the sword,
For o'er steel and o'er flame
Doth a fair woman lord!

Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν Ἐρώτων.

LET us mix the rose with wine,
Love's sweet rose, and let us twine
Round our brows her tenderest flowers,
Fitting wreath for brows like ours;
Gaily laughing ever more
Let us toss the goblet o'er.

Rose, sweet rose, thou flower so fair,
Rose, dear rose, the spring's first care,
Rose, the gods' delight and joy,
Crowned with thee Cythæra's boy
Waves his locks in merry glee,
And joins the Grace's revelry!
  Gaily laughing ever more
  Let us toss the goblet o'er.

So crown me, thou god of wine,
  And I'll sing within the shade
Of thy spirit-breathing shrine,
  And with a deep-bosomed maid
Dance while round my temples meet
Wreaths entwined of roses sweet.
  And gaily laughing ever more
  We shall toss the goblet o'er.

FROM HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 4.

HARSH Winter's dissolved by the kind western
breeze,
And the vessels are launched and prepared for the seas,
The flocks quit their stalls and the ploughman his
hearth,
No longer the hoar frost conceals the glad earth,
The dances are led by the goddess of love,
And the Graces and Nymphs (the moon shining above)
Tread a measure together, while Vulcan's whole frame
Is scorched by the heat of the Cyclopes' flame;
And now let a myrtle thy forehead surround,
Or a flowret with which the thawed earth may abound,
To Faunus let now thy devotions be paid,
And a lamb, or a he-goat the sacrifice made;
Death visits impartial the hut of the poor,
And oh, happy Sextius! the proud palace door;
Then think not the short space of life will allow
The enjoyment of long expectation; even now

The grave is at hand, and the shadowy home
Of the grisly god, Pluto, thine own shall become ;
Ah, when thou art gone to that mansion below,
The rich joys of Bacchus no more shalt thou know,
The friendship of Lycidas thou must forswear,
No much admired Lycidas follows thee there.

BOOK I. ODE 9.

SEE'ST thou not how
Soracte's brow
With whitening snow is covered o'er,
And how the woods
And frozen floods
Feel Winter's icy touch once more ?

Give cold no place,
Increase the blaze
By heaping logs upon the fire,
And Thaliarch,
I prythee, mark,
The choicest wine is our desire.

For aught beside
The gods provide,
And when they've lulled the stormy seas,
Silence profound
Prevails around,
Nor ash nor cypress fears the breeze.

A thankless task
It were to ask
What fate to-morrow's sun may give;
Content remain
And count as gain
Each day that fortune lets thee live—

Now then to love
Obedient prove,
And in the dance thy limbs employ,
For soon indeed
Old age shall speed,
And all the hopes of youth destroy.

Now stroll along
The fields among
And court the unyielding fair the while;
Soon shall she feel
Thine eager zeal,
Soon on thy suit propitious smile;

Or should the maid
From yonder shade
Laugh, and betray her lurking place,
Then snatch in play
The ring away
Was wont her willing hand to grace.

BOOK I. ODE 11.

LEUCONÖE, seek not to know
What lot on thee the gods bestow,
Search not Chaldæa's prescient strains,
'Twere best to bear what fate ordains;
Let Jove allow the unwearied sun
Once more his bounteous course to run,
Or let this winter be the last
That urges on the western blast,
And bids the Tuscan billows roar
Against the opposing pumice-shore.—
Be wise, be merry while we may,
For as we speak time flies away,
And during life be this our text,
Enjoy the day, heed not the next.

BOOK I. ODE 15.

WHEN the perfidious shepherd bore
Fair Helen from the Spartan shore,
Nereus the rapid waves suppressed,
And thus the incautious youth addressed:
"Ill fated boy! this rashness cease,
"Nor rouse to arms indignant Greece,
"Yet shall the fall of Priam's throne
"For this base treachery atone.
"Lo, how the men and horses toil,
"The Trojan blood bedews the soil!

" Pallas prepares her purple car,
" And rides triumphant to the war,
" In vain, alas, from strife apart,
" You try to 'scape the Gnossian dart,
" In vain you shun the Grecian ire
" And strike with dames the unwarlike lyre,
" In vain you shun the brazen shield
" And Ajax thundering thro' the field,
" Soon shall the Phrygian dust besmear
" Your mangled corpse and flowing hair.
" Learn now to fear the Grecian sage,
" And Pylian Nestor's reverend age ;
" Lo ! Teucer spies ye from afar,
" And Sthenelus ascends his car ;
" Brave Merion's vengeance you shall know,
" And fierce Tydides find his foe,
" Whom you shall, like the trembling deer,
" Fly, when the savage wolf is near.
" Achilles' anger shall delay
" The dreaded but the certain day,
" Then shall the Achæan fire destroy
" The mansions of devoted Troy."

BOOK I. ODE 22.

Fuscus, the man upright in heart
Wants not the bow, nor Moorish dart,
Let him through arid Syrtes stray,
Or wend o'er Caucasus his way,

Or tread the plains which with its waves
Fabled Hydaspes gently laves.
For whilst my Lalage I sung,
And with my strain the valley rung,
A hungry wolf, intent on blood,
(Such as ne'er sprung from Daunian wood)
From me, unarmed, defenceless, fled,
And through the dale in terror sped.
Place me in frozen plains where trees
Are ne'er refreshed by summer breeze,
Or in those barren regions where
Cold and ungenial is the air;
Place me beneath the blazing sun,
A land that mortals know and shun,
Where'er I roam, where'er I rove,
My smiling, prattling Lalage I'll love.

BOOK I. ODE 30.

O'F Cnidus thou and Paphos Queen,
In Cyprus be no longer seen,
To Glycera's temple, goddess, move,
And fire her soul to thoughts of love;
Let eager Cupid leave his home,
Let Nymphs and ungirt Graces come,
And Mercury, potent to persuade,
Hasten, with Hebe to mine aid.

BOOK I. ODE 38.

HENCE, boy, with Persian luxury,
No linden chaplet weave for me,
Where the last rose we yet may see,
Forbear to ask;
No flower with simple myrtle twine,
Nor thee it suits, nor me, while wine
Quaffing beneath the shady vine
Jovial I bask.

BOOK II. ODE 3.

DELLIUS, when adverse thine affairs,
Be not borne down by weight of cares,
When prosperous, lift thee not too high,
For, Dellius, thou wert born to die.

If thou thy days, it matters not,
Hast spent in sadness and in woe,
Or with Falernian wine hast taught
The costly cup to overflow;

Where the huge pine and poplar white
To form a peaceful shade unite,
And where the brook with gentle force
Rolls ever on its rippling course,

Come, bid the boy that on thee waits
  Bring the brief rose's beauteous flower,
And generous wine, while yet the Fates
  Forbear to clip the fleeting hour.

Ah, thou must quit thy purchased woods
And mansion washed by Tibur's floods,
These thou must quit, and piled on high
The treasure shall thine heir enjoy.

It matters not if thou thy line
  From ancient Inachus can trace,
Thou must endure thy lot; 'tis thine
  Alike with his of lowly race;

To the same point we all are borne,
All lots are shaken in the urn,
And when our own appears, we wait
In Charon's boat our lasting fate.

BOOK II. ODE 6.

OH, thou with me about to go
  To Gades, earth's remotest bounds,
Or to the fierce Cantabrian foe,
  Or where the Moorish wave resounds,

There's Tibur, built a stream above,
  Septimius, would that it might be
A shelter, and a refuge prove
  To me now tired of war and sea.

This should the hostile Fates forbid,
Along Galæsus' banks I'll roam,
Where sheep by covering skins are hid,
And with Phalanthus find a home.

For me that lovely spot has joys,
Hymettus to its honey yields,
The berry of its olive vies
With those that deck Venafrian fields;

There spring is long, and winter kind,
There mild and genial is the air;
The wines with which mount Aulon's lined
With famed Falernian may compare.

That place where towers their heads uprear
Invites us there our days to end,
There shalt thou hallow with a tear
The ashes of thy poet-friend.

BOOK III. ODE 26.

LATELY among the girls I strayed,
And my campaigns with honour made,
But these my arms and shatter'd shell
Henceforth on yonder wall shall dwell,
Yon western wall that guards the fane
Where sea-born Venus holds her reign.

Here then the lurid torches bring,
Here bars and bows, and everything
That lent its aid in nights of yore
To threaten the opposing door.
Hail, goddess, on thy radiant throne
In Cyprus, blest thy sway to own!
Hail, Queen, whom they of Memphis know,
Free, Memphis, from Sithonian snow,
Once 'neath thy thong let Chlöe smart,
Chlöe, so fair, so proud of heart.

BOOK III. ODE 30.

WHEN brazen statues are no more,
This my monument shall soar
Higher than the lofty heads
Of the royal Pyramids;
It shall mock the wintry shower
And the tempest's idle power,
Brave the numerous ages' flight,
Laugh at time's destroying might.
Not entirely shall I die
But in part from Hades fly,
And my memory shall remain
While the silent Vestal train,
With the great high priest of Jove,
To the Capitol shall move—

Where Aufidus his waters pours,
And on the sultry Daunian shores,
Shall I—though humble be my birth—
Be loudly hailed the first on earth,
Who made the soft Æolian song
To Latin measures flow along.
Thine honoured path, my Muse pursue,
Show forth the pride to merit due,
And in thy poet's locks entwine
The laurel sacred at the Delphic shrine.

THE TENTH EPODE.

DEPARTS yon bark of luckless fate,
For the foul Mævius is her freight;
Auster, be all thy force applied
To shatter her accursed side,
Dark Eurus, drive the waves along,
And break her oars and cables strong,
Rise, Aquilo, with all the might
That fells the oak on mountain height,
Let no kind star in darkness blaze
Round sad Orion's setting rays,
And let the sea as high be tossed
As that which whelmed the Grecian host,
When Pallas, after Ilion burned,
Her wrath on impious Ajax turned!
What toil thy sailors undergo,
And how thy pale face speaks thy woe!

Oh, that unmanly cry—that prayer
To Jove, unheeding thy despair!
Ah, soon the Ionian waves shall roar,
And south winds all their fury pour,
To drive thy vessel on the shore!
Then thou if by the winding bay
Art thrown to birds a fattening prey,
A goat and lamb shall bleed that hour
In honour of the tempest's power.

H.M.S. *Agincourt*, off East Coast
of Formosa, 1844.

EPIST. I., 8.

On Celsus, Nero's follower and friend,
Bid thou, my muse, all joy and health attend,
And should he ask how I am faring, tell
That though I promise much, I live not well;
'Tis not that hail has bruised my tender shoots,
Nor that my withered olives lose their fruits
'Neath summer's heat, nor under wintry skies
That the young produce of my sheepfold dies.
Nay—'tis the mind's, and not the body's grief,
And I reject what things may give relief;
The doctor and my friends from this sad sloth
Attempt to rouse me, and I scold them both;
What things have injured me before, I try,
And what I know are healthful these I fly,

Wild and inconstant as the wind I rove,
At Tibur Rome, at Rome I Tibur love.
When this thou'st said, enquire how Celsus fares,
How towards the Prince and suite himself he bears,
If he say, well, rejoice, and then be sure
To whisper to him this advice secure,
As thou thy fortune, we shall thee endure.

FROM OVID.

FOUR things to man : flesh, manés, soul and shade,
And in four spots these four at death are laid ;
Earth hides the flesh, round its tomb the shade flies,
Hell holds the manés, the soul seeks the skies.

Fast. II. 289.

O'ER earth ere Jove was born, Arcadians reigned,
A race that lived ere Luna graced the sky,
Rude was their life, by custom unrestrained,
No art they knew, but loved simplicity.
Their houses, leaves, their food, the wild herbs made,
Their nectar, water tasted from the hand,
No panting bull beneath the yoke was laid,
And no imperious swain subdued the land.
Each bore himself, no call for steeds had they,
The sheep in their own covering roamed the plain,
And naked 'neath the sky they toiled away
Taught to endure cold winds and beating rain.

VERSIFIED FROM HIEROCLES.

I'VE a house to let, Griffino cries,
Of form convenient and ample,
And to give you a notion correct of its size
I've brought you a brick as a sample.

GRIFFINO met the leech one day,
And said to his friend, as he shrunk away;—
I dread his lawful rage,
I haven't the face to appear in his sight
For my conduct, I fear, has been hardly right,
I haven't been sick for an age.

GRIFFINO from some person hears
That crows will live a hundred years:
There's one for sale—says he, I'll buy it,
And just to test the fact, I'll try it.

GRIFFINO had to cross a ferry:
Faith, said he, as I'm in a hurry,
To lose no time my proper course
Is—in the boat to ride my horse.

GRIFFINO met a friend and said,
I heard, good Sir, that you were dead,
  Tom and Dick told me so—
Well, and you see with your own eyes
That here I am, the friend replies;
  Nay, Griff rejoins, I know
Richard and Thomas are good men and true,
And quite as worthy of belief as you.

GRIFFINO had a jar of wine,
  O' vintage old and rare,
And to preserve the juice divine
  He sealed the top with care.

But butler John, a wicked man,
  Devised a hole below,
Through which into his private can
  The wine was taught to flow.

Ha, said Griffino, when the jar
  Was opened at a feast,
How's this? the seals unbroken are,
  And yet the wine's decreased!

Says some one, see the lower end—
  Griff cries in chiding tone,
The lower part remains, my friend,
  The top it is that's gone !

GRIFFINO's infant dies—there come
  To attend the funeral
Kinsmen in numbers, unto whom
  Griff blandly says, friends all,
I'm quite ashamed the crowd's so great,
  Because the child's so small.

FROM MARTIAL.

I. 39.

THESE effusions, my dear Fidentinus, are mine,
If thou read them badly, remember, they're thine.

I. 65.

To the Ambitious Fabulla.

A MAIDEN and beautiful surely art thou,
And thy wealth without question the world will allow;
But if in self-praise be thy constant delight,
Wealth, beauty, and maidenhood fade from our sight.

I. 99.

On Diodorus Gouty, Miserly, and Litigious.

DIODORUS, declares he's the gout in his knee,
And the foremost he is of the law-going band,
But he never holds forth to his lawyer a fee,
And from this I should say that the gout's in his hand.

I. 113.

On Priscus, the Miser.

TIME was when to know you I hadn't the pleasure,
So I thought you a swell, and I called you a prince,
But now we're acquainted I've taken your measure,
And only old Priscus you've been ever since.

II. 38.

LINUS! you ask what pleasure I
In my Nomentane farm can see;
The pleasure lies in this, my boy,
When there I'm far away from thee!

II. 88.

On Mamercus, a Bad Poet.

MAMERCUS! you wish to be thought a great poet,
But still you write nothing that ever can show it;
Oh, be what you will, if you only refrain
From reciting to us your poetical strain.

VI. 23.

On Carisianus.

NONE than Carisian more stubborn and stolid is,
In his every-day clothes he comes out upon holidays.

VI. 61.

Against the Envious.

MY lays are loved and praised, and sound
Throughout my native land,
In every bosom I am found,
And found in every hand;

But see how that man shakes his pate,
And votes my book a bore,
He hates me, and I like his hate,
I love my lays the more.

VI. 69.

On Bassa Drinking Water; Bassa being of Breath Impure and Father Temulentive.

I'M not surprised to see a glass o'
Pure water at the mouth of Bassa,
My wonder is what Bassus' daughter
Could ever have to do with water.

VII. 2.

To a Foolish Poet.

D'VE ask, my good friend,
Why my works I don't send
To your house for your reading?
It is that I fear
You'd be sending yours here,
To show your good breeding.

VII. 15.

To Regulus, Slily Begging a Loan.

MY Regulus, nothing can save me,
No money have I;
I must sell the dear presents you gave me,
Heigho! won't you buy?

VIII. 27.

To Gaurus, on Sycophants.

GAURUS, of years and wealth you're full,
And if you're wise and sensible,
You'll see with half an eye,
That all these dear friends who have been
So kind, so generous, only mean
To say—Pray, Gaurus, die.

IX. 20.

Against Sabellus, the Parasite.

WILLING is Ponticus and able
To keep a hospitable table,
And lo ! Sabellus writes long lays
The baths of Ponticus to praise ;
Sabellus does not want, the sinner,
To have a bath, but have a dinner.

IX. 63.

HER robes of rich embroidery
Ever by day and night wears Nancy,
And yet nor grand nor proud is she
Odour, not colour, takes her fancy.

X. 15.

Of Aper, who Shot his Wife.

APER has sent the feathered dart
And pierced his dowried spouse's heart ;
And call ye Aper a bad shot ?
He's but too good—he knows what's what.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

PALLAS saw Venus arm'd and prepar'd for the field,
And said, would ye battle with me?
But Cypris smil'd sweetly and said drop your shield,
Pray tell me now, how would it be
If I brandish'd my sword and my darts on ye hurl'd,
When naked, forsooth, I can conquer the world!

WIND gently, ivy, round the poet's grave,
Bid thy green tendrils o'er him gently wave,
And let the rose's lovely flower entwine
With the young branches of the curling vine,
For sage was SOPHOCLES! Each muse approv'd
His tuneful song and all the graces lov'd.

SPREAD, ivy, spread thy clust'ring wreaths around
ANACREON'S tomb, while leaves bestrew the ground,
Let the clear milk its silver fountains send,
And the glad vine a grateful odour lend,

Thus thro' his dust and bones shall joy be shed,
If joy, alas, can animate the dead!

O'ER Greece, my tomb, pile lances of the slain,
From the barbarian fleet the trophies ta'en,
Grave Persian mars upon the base of Greece
And Xerxes—there entomb THEMISTOCLES!
Let Salamis, the column, proudly state
My deeds—why humbly sepulchre the Great?

GO, stranger, and at Lacedæmon tell
That here, obeying her commands, we fell.

NOT of a surety this of thee, but thou of this the monument,
For thy high fame, EURIPIDES, hath to this tomb its splendour lent.

(By Ariphron.)

ANCIENT of Gods, thou blesséd Health,*
May I pass my days with thee?
Wilt thou my kindly consort be?
Then should I children wish, or wealth,

* "Præsens numen, inempta salus."—*Claudian.*

Or man's dear object, kingly power,
Or Love's soft throes
Which Venus secretly bestows,
Or other joys the Immortals shower
Down from heaven to make man blest,
Or from labour grateful rest,
I know that, blesséd Health, with thee
Highly flowreth everything,
And shineth forth the Graces' spring,
While thee without can no man happy be.

ONE good in baneful envy lies
It eats its votary's heart and eyes.*

I MOURN not those who've yielded up their breath
But those who live in constant fear of death.

O'ER thee, Nearchus, may light dust be cast,
And so the dogs shall tear thy bones at last.

ROBBERS, seek houses suited to your ends,
This a sure guardian, poverty, defends.

* Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis,
Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum—

Horace, Ep. 1, 4, 57.

(By Julianus Ægyptius.)

As a chaplet I wove,
Mid the flowers I found Love,
So I made him my captive by seizing his wings,
Then I drank him in wine,
And the draught was divine,
But, ah me ! by his flutt'ring my bosom he stings.

Life is a stage— to play your part prepare,
Putting grave things aside, or hardships bear.

All things are but a laugh, and dust, and nought,
For all from things, that have no sense, are wrought.

You have, yet have not, yes, you always lend,
'Tis thus you stint yourself, while others spend.

Thou hast a rich man's wealth, a poor man's soul,
To thine heirs bounteous, to thyself a fool.

Timocritus was great in war, and this is now his grave,
For Mars, alas, the coward spares and takes away the brave !

His snout vile Proclus with his hand ne'er blows,
Because his hand is shorter than his nose,
Himself when sneezing he can never hear,
His nose is such a distance from his ear.

Forbear, Olympicus, with such a beak
Transparent wells or glassy founts to seek,
Lest young Narcissus should repeat his fate,
And thou thy features unto death shouldst hate.

Nose's Hermilla; were we it to call
Hermilla's nose, we should give great to small.

Here lies a shipwreck'd mariner,
And there a country hind,
Thus mortals, or by sea or land,
A common fate shall find.

But five years old when death call'd me away,
I was Callimachus, a careless boy—
Yet mourn me not, though brief on earth my stay,
Marr'd by few evils was my short-liv'd joy.

THOSE locks they say, Nicylla, that you dye,
Which in the market black you always buy.

DIONYSIUS, born in Tarsus,
When some fifty years I had,
To my grave I went unwedded—
Would the same had chanc'd to dad.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE LEFT WING OF MAVISBANK HOUSE, COUNTY MIDLOTHIAN.*

" PARVA domus, nemorosa quies, sis tu quoque nostris
Hospitium Laribus, subsidiumque diu ;
Postes Flora tuos ornet, Pomonaque mensas,
Conferat et varias fertilis hortus opes.
Te volucres pictæ† cingentes voce canora
Retia sola canant, quæ sibi tendit Amor ;
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus,
Dent atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis ;
Concedatque Deus nunquam vel sero senescas,
Seroque terrenas experiare vices.
Integra reddantur, quæ plurima sæcula rodant,
Detur et ut senio pulchrior eniteas !"

* There is no clue to the authorship of these elegant lines, but the time of their composition may be inferred from the inscription (in prose) on the right wing, which gives the date of the house as 1724.

† A Virgilian epithet :—" pictæque volucres."—GEORG. 3, 243.

Translation.

"THOU little nest, in shady rest,
Long stand thy comely walls to be
A shelter sweet, and dear retreat
Unto my household gods and me.

Pomona's horn thy board adorn,
And Flora teem with posies rare,
Each garden bed its riches spread
In varied sort to show thee fair;

Birds of gay hue the thickets through
Flit all unharm'd, and make their song
Of nets alone that Love has strown
For victims that to Love belong;

Yon hills that rise to glad mine eyes,
And court me to the flow'rets there,
Still verdant live, and pleasures give,
Pleasures that every guest may share;

And may God grant old age ne'er plant,
Or late his foot within thy wall,
And thou late learn the changing turn
By which the things of earth must fall!

Oh, may each flaw, that time shall gnaw,*
Be heal'd by art's renewing powers,
And thou, lov'd place, still grow in grace
And beauty with the rolling hours !"

Hongkong, 2d July, 1853.

* This is the literal rendering of the word in the original, *rodant.* The metaphor is a very common one ; its point lies in the devouring or *corrosive* power of *rust*, the gathering of which is the effect of *Time.* See St. James, v. 3. "Καὶ ὁ ἰὸς αὐτῶν εἰς μαρτύριον ὑμῖν ἔσται, καὶ φάγεται τὰς σάρκας ὑμῶν ὡς πῦρ." "And the *rust* of them shall be a witness against you, and shall *eat* your flesh, as it were fire."

ANDREÆ MELVINI EPIGRAMMA AD G. BUCHANANUM.

MULTUM oro Phœbi numen, doctasque sorores,
Dent mihi, dem quæ te carmina digna tibi,
At Phœbus necquicquam audit, mutæque sorores,
Et concreta rigent mollia cordia gelu.
Nil Phœbus sine te, sine te nil turba sororum;
Unus tu des te carmina digna tibi.

Translation.

THE aid of Phœbus and the learnéd nine,
When I would sing thy praises, I implore,
But Phœbus will not to my prayer incline,
Mute are the muses and their hearts are frore:
Without thee Phœbus and the nine are vain,
Thou only of thyself canst raise the worthy strain.

INSCRIPTION

ON DANTE'S URN,

Written by himself.

Hic claudor Dantes, patriis extorris ab oris,
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris.

Translation.

Here Dante lies, driven from his native shore,
Whom Florence, little love's fair mother, bore.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

A LITTLE cottage is my all,
It stands on yonder verdant mead,
Hard by a brook; the brook is small,
But clear its rippling waters speed;—

The cottage lies a tree behind,
Veiling it from the gazer's eye,
And against sun, and cold, and wind
Shielding the dwellers carefully;

And there a little nightingale
So sweetly sings the boughs among,
That never does the traveller fail
To halt and listen to her song.

Thou little fair,
With golden hair,
A blessing long and joy to me,
I go, I go,
Loud tempests blow,
Come, let us to the cottage flee.

THE ROSE TREE.

(From the French.)

"'Twas I this pretty rose-tree planted,
I watch'd it growing day by day,
And 'neath my lattice came and chaunted
The birdlings on each tender spray.

Glad birds! a loving company!
In pity chaunt your songs no more,
He who was all in all to me
Has sought, alas! another shore.

The wealth of a new world to gain
From love he rushes, death to court!
Ah me! why seeks he on the main
The bliss that waits him in the port:

Ye swallows, that your course pursue,
And with returning spring appear,
Ye faithful travellers and true,
Bring, bring him to my arms, each year!—

LOVE'S PLEASURE.

(From the French.)

LOVE'S pleasure in a moment dies,
Love's grief shall all thro' life remain ;
For Sylvia I left all—She flies,
And fickle takes another swain,
Love's pleasure in a moment dies,
Love's grief shall all thro' life remain !

"Long as this rippling brook shall roll
"Towards yonder stream that bounds the plain,
"I'm thine," said Sylvia "heart and soul"—
Still rolls the brook—her vows are vain—
Love's pleasure shrivels like a scroll,
His grief shall all thro' life remain !

UNDER THE PEAK.

IV.

LATINE REDDITA.

TAM O'SHANTER,

OUT OF THE ORIGINAL.

CUM mercatores plateas urbemque relinquunt,
Et sitiens sitienti occurrit amicus amico,
Cernitur et vacuum tandem solenne macellum,
Incipit et vulgus passu discedere verso,
Felices bibimus Cerealis pocula zythi,
Mittimus et tristes nostro de pectore curas;
Attamen obveniunt nobis oblivia rerum,
Fossarumque, lutique, lacunarumque, et aquarum,
Quæ nos cessantes prohibent a limine noto,
Qua morosa sedet conjux, pascitque procellam
Mox irrupturam in cæcumque vagumque maritum.
Hæc olim certo vera intellexit honestus
Thomas, qui petasum patulum gestare solebat,
Cum forte ex Ayrâ laxis equitabat habenis—
Urbs vetus est Ayra, et quâ non præstantior ulla,
Illic sunt pueri fortes, pulchræque puellæ.
O Thoma, sapiens si esses cautusque secutus
Te quod amata uxor recte Katharina monebat!

Vilem et vinosum te dixit sæpe nepotem,
Te dixit, quoties peteres urbemque forumque,
Venas inflatum toties revenire Lyæo ;
Tempore cum solito caperet frumenta molaris,
Ære manente scyphos te compotare vocatos ;
Cumque esset tempus soleas aptare caballo,
Teque istumque fabrum nimium sorbere Falernum ;
Feria cum cunctos duxisset prima verendum
Ad fanum Domini, te pôcla nefanda bibentem,
Templi juxta Urbem cum compotrice Joannâ,
Proxima fulgeret dum lux Phæbæa morari.

Heus ! tibi quod lethum mulier præsaga canebat,
Vel cito vel sero Dounâ sub flumine merso,
Aut larvis capto tacitâ sub nocte tremendis,
Allovagæ turbata jacent ubi templa ruinis !

Ah ! mulier facilis ! lachrymâ sparguntur amarâ
Ora mihi referenti offert quos sponsa marito
Admonitus doctos, quos improbus abjicit ille !

At satis—opponat finem mihi meta vaganti—
En Thomas quondam, quæstuque laboreque factis,
Se bene ponebat qua fornax edidit ignes
Ardens, et potu venit mirabile zythum ;
Et sutor juxta fuit optimus ille Johannes
Omnibus ex fidis queîs se jactabat amicis,
Et quo compotor Thomæ non charior alter ;
Hebdomadas totas Baccho indulgere solebant,
Et Thomas illum verus quasi frater amabat.

Carmina fundentes et nugas tempora noctis
Exsolvunt, melius zytho meliusque reperto ;
Accipit in Thomam malesanas hospita curas,

Cui cœpit similem Thomas offerre favorem ;
Ore et jucundo gerras exponit ineptas
Sutor, dum prompto risu quatit atria caupo ;
Quid si rauca foris tempestas surgat in altum,
Esset mens eadem streperet si fistula Thomæ !
Cura at felicem quemvis furibunda videre
Spem posuit, pateris et se submersit in amplis,
Et velut agmen apûm spoliis secat æthera onustum,
Atque domum dulci repetit sub pondere gratam,
Horæ non aliter suaves per inane feruntur ;
Læti sint reges, sed terque quaterque beatus
Thomas, et vitæ mala despicit omnia victor !
Gaudia sunt vana, ut Lethæa papavera, tactu :
Si carpas, subito floris fugit omne decorum,
Aut nivis in fluvio veluti sunt vellera canæ,
Nunc albent—pereunt nunc—irrevocabile fatum !
Aut velut astra vagæ videas Borealia gentis,
Sedes ignotas quæ linquunt, fulguris instar,
Arcus sive fugax veluti pluvialis imago,
Quæ simul ac oritur turbo, non cernitur ulli.
Sorte datur nulli tempus frænare vel æstum,
Thomæ nunc opus est reducem vexare caballum ;
Noctem sub mediam tenebris circumdatus atris,
Noctem sub tristem properat sua tecta redire ;
Exiit et tali non ullus nocte viator
Cujus sollicitant pectus sua crimina fœdum.
Flamina ventorum miscentur murmure magno,
Et ventis pulsus toto ruit æthere nimbus ;
Emicat ignivomum crebro per inania fulgur,
Et cœlum tonitru rauco tellusque tremiscit ;

Ah ! tener in cunis primis bene nosceret infans
Dæmona nocte illâ rabidum sævire per orbem !
Nunc sed equam Meggam Thomas bene fixus in albam
(Altera non potuit Meggam superare volantem)
Per luta, per sordes, pergit vix passibus æquis,
Atque ignem, pluviam, ventum, quasi vilia temnit ;
Et manibus petasum firmis modo tractat agrestem,
Et modo sylvestres numeros modulatur ad auras,
Aut forsan prudens huc illuc lumina volvit,
Sagæ ne circum subiti dent bracchia collo.
Allovagæ templum cursu prope venit ad altum,
Noctua qua stridet, nocturnaque spectra queruntur ;
Et vadum transit sævas per fluminis undas,
Qua canis periit nivibus propola subactus ;
Betullas transit patulas, saxumque tremendum,
Bacchi qua plenus cecidit cervice revulsâ
Charolus, et linquit scopulos humilesque genistas,
Sanguine ubi in proprio puer est compertus ab illis
Qui prædam læto quondam clamore premebant ;
Et fontem linquit veprum qua mortis amore
Se dedit ad laqueum Mungonis mater in umbrâ.
Velox ante oculos volvit sua flumina Douna,
Et reböat late per sylvas turbinis ira ;
Dissiliunt rutilo vibrantia fulgura tractu,
Et propius propiusque tonat Vulcanius æther,
Cum per sylvestres dumos, lucosque gementes
Allovagæ lucent longe sacraria flammis ;
Rimas per cunctas spectatur lumen apertas,
Lætitiæque sonant et saltus signa furentis.

Corda, Krithine audax, quæ nostra levare, Johannes,
Noscis, quam nihili sunt dira pericula tecum!
Pallida cura fugit zythum cum vile bibamus—
Exhilarans animos aqua vitæ Dæmona vincit.—
Tam Thomæ cerebrum temulenti pocula tangunt,
Illi nec larvæ præbent nec spectra timorem;
Megga sed obstupuit, cursum statimque repressit,
Donec adacta manu, ferrato et calce citata
Lumine sub claro trepidis stetit artubus illa.
Qualia mirantis Thomæ lux pandit ocellis!
Nocturnas Lemures ducunt et spectra choreas,
Degener et mollis minime quas Gallia novit,
Sed pulsus rapidos vexantes crura pedesque,
Scotia quêis gaudens generoso robore saltat—
Qua jubar Eöum spectabat parva fenestra,
Illic sede sedet Satanas in imagine brutâ,
Illic terribilis, nigrans, magnusque Molossus,
Ludere dulciloquâ stridens qui perstat avenâ,
Propositique tenax flatus sic mittit in auram
Ut per tota sonet strepitus laquearia tecti.
Undique sandapilæ circumstant, claraque visu
Peplis funereis induta cadavera monstrant;
Ac veluti magices Circææ docta dolorum
Dextris igniferas ostendunt cuncta lucernas;
Auxilio quarum Thomas, ah! qualia spectat!
Heus! altare super sacramentale repôsta—
Latronis tenti in probrosis ossa catenis—
Exiguos formâ infantes sine nomine binos—
Furem lethali necdudum fune solutum,
Mortua cui spiritu dehiscunt ora supremo—

Sanguine Puniceo perfusos quinque secures—
Enses quinque hominum damnosâ cæde notatos—
Fasciolam, pueri quæ cæsi vulserat ora—
Cultrum, qui patris collum laceraverat album,
(Filius, ah ! proprius scelerate occiderat illum !
En, hærent ansæ cani sanctique capilli !)—
Atque trium linguas inversas causidicorum,
Falsis impletas, velut est pannucia vestis—
Atque sacerdotum graveolentia nigraque corda,
Quæ per delubri spirant penetrale mephitim !*
Horrida sed visu, auditu, dictuque fuere,
Versibus in justis quæ non mihi dicere fas est.
Anxius intentis Thomas dum lustrat ocellis,
Concita lascivis indulsit turba choreis ;
Ocyus et tortos artus movere pedesque,
Altius et lusit calamo tibicen agresti ;
Subjecere omnes inculto corpora saltu,
Membris de madidis sudor ruit undique rivis,
Denique quæque suum ex humeris rejecit amictum,
Quamque et saltantem sua sola subucula texit.
O Thoma, Thoma, formâ præstante puellæ,
Si visu pulchræ, et primævo flore fuissent,
Vestes et viles, squallentes, unguine turpes,
Si manibus texunt niveis quæ vellera Seres,
Has dono braccas, mea tegmina sola, dedissem
(Cœruleisque pilis olim villoque decoras),
Has braccas natibus de nudatis posuissem,

* Has lineas quatuor, suadente jurisconsulto quodam, e MS primo erasit Burns. Restituantur !—

Si mihi sors esset tales spectare puellas !
Sed vetulas hirtas, teneris fastidia mannis,
Canas, ridiculas, et fatali cruce dignas,
Cum saltu supra scopas fustesque furentes
Aspicis, ah ! cænam te non emittere miror.

At bene cognovit Thomas quæ forma leporis
Fœminei !—Una fuit membris facieque venusta,
Nocte illâ Lemurum tetræ conscripta cohorti——
—— Carrictæ in terris longo post tempora nota,
Plurima nam jaculo stridente armenta peremit,
Naviculas multas mediis immersit in undis,
Eruit et segetes humanis usibus aptas,
Dum per tellurem latam tremuere coloni——

Membra stetit circum Xylina subucula curta,
Quam vestem solitam jucunda puella gerebat ;
Contractâ quamvis, brevitateque conspiciendâ,
Non meliore togâ tenuit superbia mentem.—
Ah ! mens blanda aviæ minime sensit reverendæ,
Cum pretiosa emit parvæ velamina Nannæ,
(Tempore divitiæ modicæ perduntur ab illo)
Sagarum fædas hæc ornatura choreas !

Sufficit : aufertur mihi Musa fugacibus alis,
Et nimium fidens animi petit ardua cantu ;
Non licet hocce modo per agros volitare poësis,
Non quam Nanna pedes agitârit dicere versu—
Robore nota fuit, pedibusque celerrima Nanna—
Nec mihi quam Thomas magicâ perculsus ab arte
Crediderit visu mentemque oculosque beatos.

Ipse etiam Satanas ardentia lumina fixit,
Membraque contorsit, clangoremque edidit altum,

Donec post passus Thomas saltusque frequentes
Mentis inops fremuit, furiosaque pectora gessit :
" *O tu veste brevi, tu saltas quam bene !*" clamat,
Orbem et per totum subito nox irruit atra ;
Vix responsa dedit commotis Megga capistris,
Ante Meduseæ quam prorupere cohortes.

Qualis apûm strepitu magno furibunda caterva
Fertur in agricolas alvearia dejicientes,
Qualis vel lepori latratu vertagus instat
Cum lepus ante oculos cursum velocior urget,
Vel qualis vehemens vestigia pulvere signat
Vulgus, per plateas resonat cum " corripe furem,"
Talis Megga moras pellit, Sagæque sequuntur,
Æthera et infernis stellatum vocibus implent !

Nunc Thoma, dabis, o Thoma, tu denique pœnas
In foculis urent Stygiis te more garorum !
Spem tibi chara uxor Katharina, ah, pascit inanem·
Mox lugens viduo fundet suspiria lecto—
I, pete festinare fugam nunc Megga per auras,
Et pontem transi medium, si quomodo possis ;
Illic ludibrio caudæ cevere licebit,
Non audent Sagæ rivum penetrare fluentem.

At prius optati tetigit quam culmina pontis
Perditur infelix albæ sua gloria caudæ.
Passibus ante alias rapidis cita Nanna cucurrit,
Et Meggam toto generosam robore pressit—
Mens erat (haud dubium) Thomam captare fugacem—
At minime novit vires et stamina Meggæ !
Hæc saliit, dirâ rapiens a morte magistrum,
Albos sed Nannæ in manibus miseranda reliquit

Crines, quæ digitis fugientia tergora prêndit,
Et vix radicem caudæ dimisit equinæ !
Nunc quibus hoc faustis verum percurrere carmen
Eveniat cunctis, humanâ e matre creatis,
Vos, quando poculis animus sit solvere curas,
Vestibus aut brevibus tectas ardere puellas,
Gaudia ne nimio sint hæc mercanda cavete !
Sic precor—hujus equæ memores vos este celebris,
Et Thomæ petasum patulum qui ferre solebat.

BONNIE LESLEY.

THE beautiful lyric of Burns, commencing with—

"Saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed ower the border?"

though purely Scotch, I rejoice to see admitted by Mr. Palgrave into his "Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics." Apart from its merits it is a favourite of mine, as a near connection of the lady addressed.

FORMA Lesleiam præsignem nonne videbas,
Transiit ut fines nympha Caledoniæ?
Instar Pellæi juvenis se monstrat in orbe,
Et lauros plures carpere pulchra petit.

Illam si videas, opus est ardere puellam,
Est opus et nunc, et tempus in omne tibi,
Solâ quòd Venerem Natura creavit in illâ,
Neve aliam voluit prænituisse Deam.

Tu, Lesleia, plagas mundi, regina, gubernas,
Teque colunt omnes, ante pedesque jacent;
Omnes divinam nos te, Lesleia, vocamus,
Imperio cedunt omnia corda tuo!

Te posset nunquam Satanas affligere noxâ
Nec quicquid fuerit, mira puella, tui;
Spectaret faciem et formosæ frontis honores,
Diceret et victus, "Sint tibi damna procul!"

Succurrent Superi faciles quocumque profectæ,
Nec te, chara, sinent aspera fata pati;
Teque lepore Deæ similem Cytheræa fatetur,
Hinc fugiet semper te genus omne mali.

O! tibi si placeat rursus, Lesleia, redire,
Ad dulcem redeas, pulchra, Caledoniam;
Sic patriâ in nostrâ talem jactare licebit,
Vincere quam formâ nulla puella potest!

BURNS' EPITAPH

ON WILLIAM MICHIE, A SCHOOLMASTER.

Hoc jacet in tumulo Gulielmi Michie cadaver;
Sedes cùm Stygias mortuus ille petet,
Prolem tu, Satanas, parvam committe doceri;
Efficiet doctos subtilis ille tuos.

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

Sonnet XIX.

TEMPUS edax rerum! tu ungues obtunde leonis,
Et fac ut prolem tellus consumat amatam;
Faucibus e tigris dentes evelle ferocis,
Phœnicemque suo annosam succende cruore;
Sæcula lætitiæ volitans et finge doloris,
Utque velis, ferias, Tempus! velocibus alis
Tellurem patulam, jucundaque cuncta caduca.
Hoc crimen tantum veto perpetrare nefandum—
Ne frontem chari rugis inscribe decoram,
Nec calamo sulcos illuc proscinde vetusto,
Illum ne tange; at pulchræ patiare figuræ
Ut signum maneat venturi gentibus ævi;
At sit quod placeat, Tempus, tibi; carmine semper
In nostro juvenis noster florebit amator.

FROM POPE.

In candente suum non signat marmore nomen
Castus qui Divo condere templa velit,
At quibus est curæ vanissima laudis imago,
Et titulos horum et nomina marmor habet;
Aspice mortalem quà tot monumenta virorum
Enarrant famam—nascitur et moritur!
Sit satis, intersit fundens si lumina virtus,
Vivere si vitæ finis uterque probet!*

Apud Sinas;
Prid. Id. Nov. A.D. MDCCCLIII.

FROM ADDISON.

Aspice, quo circum nemorum splendore recessus
Rident, queîs teneris inimica Britannidis ora;
Aut patrio transducta solo, servataque curâ,
Oderunt cœlum gelidumque, et frigus acutum.
Hic sol montigenas succos generosior auget,
Hic dulces gustus, gratosque infundit odores;
Duris in scopulis florescit pallida myrtus,
Grataque sub plantis herbæ suffimena spirant.

* Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit.
Horace.

Vos Divi! ad placidum Baiæ me ferte sedile,
Ferte vel ad latebras virides quibus Umbria gaudet;
Semper qua exhalat flamen lene aura Favoni,
Luxuriamque suam dispergunt tempora cunctam,
Et fructus, flores pariterque, et germina surgunt,
Læte permixtusque omnis prosternitur annus.
Gloria in ardenti revocatur mente perennis,
Atque animâ varii contendunt mille tumultus,
Cùm magnæ video præcelsa palatia Romæ,
Heu! licet in mœstis etiam formosa ruinis!
Hic mihi sese offert altum vastumque theatrum,
Quod me delectat tacitisque timoribus implet,
Ducebant cujus Româ spectacula cunctos,
Amplâ quod faciles gentes matrice tenebat;
Cœlum hic multa petit sculpturâ pulchra columna,
Hic quoque se tollit quæ monstrat porta triumphum,
Quà Romanorum veterum præstantia facta
Mores degeneres soboli exprobrare videntur;
Fluminis hic undæ florentia rura relinquunt,
Atque per æthereos volvit vaga lympha canales.

FROM GAMMER GURTON.

FORMA pulcher erat Robin, pulcherque Ricardus,
Queîs cubitis horæ præteriere decem;
Surgit tunc Robin, cœlumque tuetur, et inquit:
"Æthera nunc medium sol, o Ricarde, terit,
"Si tu procedas loculoque oneratus et utri,
"Manni terga premam, lentus et ipse sequar."

FROM LOGAN.

Paraphrase on Job viii. 11—22.

Qua fluunt undæ calamus resurgat,
Rivulum juxta viridisque juncus,
Mox sed ubertas subito recedit
Solis ad æstum.
Tollitur sic spes vitium patrantis,
Sive paulisper tenuis cietur,
Haud secus, flatu veniente, Arachnes
Tela vacillat.
Nititur fixus stabilisque in ædem,
Cum suis ædes trabibus putrescit,
Heus ! tenet—sed dum tenet, in ruinâ
Labitur omni.
Frondibus rami virides in horto
Igne sub solis rapidi calescunt,
Et brevi stirpes patulæ resistunt
Tempore ventis ;
Quod nequit tandem imperium resisti
Exit e cœlo, penitusque sternit,
Ædis indignum domini recusat
Noscere vultum.
Gaudia en hæc sunt hominum nefanda,
Jura qui cœli veneranda temnunt ;
Hi cadunt—extemplo alii resurgunt
Sede relictâ ;

Sed pius curâ Dominus benignâ
Usque defendet medio in periclo,
Corda gaudere et resonare laudes
Labra docebit.

EPIGRAM,

IN TWO LANGUAGES, DESIGNED FOR A PUBLIC CHARACTER.

QUANDOCUMQUE suam vitam bonus incipit infans,
Pergratas populus fundit ad astra preces,
Dum juxta æternas nigræ caliginis umbras,
Ditis turba dolet, tristitiâque fremit;
At venit e matris cùm *Cærulinasius* alveo,
Subridet dæmon, et lachrymatur homo!

Translation.

WHEN a good man is born of genial heart
To play in this poor world of ours his part,
To heaven the people offer grateful prayer,
And howl the fiends of Hades in despair;
But when old *Bluenose* upon earth appears,
The devils laugh and men dissolve in tears!

EPITAPH

ON A GREAT MAN.

DENIQUE in infernis Ananias crimina solvit,
Cujus apud tumulum lumina nulla madent ;
Nunc jacet—ut semper—tamenetsi non magis ille
Falsa jacit—jacet hic, et male corpus olet.

EPIGRAM.

Ηρατο τῶν ἀπεόντων.

Pindar, Pyth. III—34.

QUÆ nequi infelix adipisci Clodius ardet,
Infans sic lunam non tetigisse dolet.

Translated
FROM THE OXFORD SAUSAGE;

Epigram on an Oxford Toast with Fine Eyes and a Bad Voice.

PECTORA blanditiis Lucettæ nostra moventur,
Stamus et ardentes attonitique simul;
Igniferum Jovis in claris est fulgur ocellis,
Sed Jovis ut tonitru vox scelerata sonat.

1854.

UNDER THE PEAK.

V.

NUGÆ.

SONNET TO GAMMER GURTON.

AH, Gammer Gurton, what a wytte hast thou!
In soothe a ladye of a propere wytte—
Yflowne thoe chyldhoode's years I heare thee yet
Nowe syngynge of ye syxpence songe, and nowe
Of babye fallynge from ye brokenne boughe,
Or blacke, woolle cladde, dyscrymynatynge sheepe,
Or hym whoe loste hys flocke, ye small Bopeepe,
Or Tomme whoe stole ye offe-shoote of ye sowe.
Jacke Hornerre, too quaynte chylde of gluttonye,
My fancye pleasethe welle, bot I confesse
Me moste contente when I recalle wyth glee
Thy keene replye, and couchedde in happye dresse,
Touchynge ye herrynges in ye woode that be;
Marrye! thou *soldest* there hym of ye Wyldernesse!

SONNET TO MY OWN EYEBROW.

LET fools their smoothly gliding verses write,
And praise the eyebrow of their ladie fair,
No ladie's eyebrow claims my love-born care,
So to my own a Sonnet I indite—
An arch that overhangs an eye so bright,
Of such a dazzling radiance and rare,
That he on whom I chance in wrath to stare
Averts in terror his bewildered sight!
Aye, I believe 'tis even in my power
To draw the cork from out the bottled wine,
So potent is my gaze, and if I lower
Upon the milk-jug with these eyes of mine,
That instant doth the stricken milk turn sour,
Then, hail, thou eyebrow, covering eye divine!

WHO BREAKS A BUTTERFLY UPON A WHEEL?

Pope.

SHALL I 'gainst lying Codrus bring
A suit because with slanderous sting
He fails my heart to vex?
Forth should the creature scatheless go!
And why? because "curat" you know,
"De minimis non lex."

"HARK! the lark at heaven's gate sings"—
Thus Shakspeare told of yore,
And the brief line before us brings
A fact unknown before;
The fast ones who in sprees embark
To piety are given,
For when they're *out upon a lark*,
They're very near to heaven!

ENIGMA.

Fast flowed the blood
In a purple flood,
From the wound all reeking and fresh,
On the fatal day
When we tore him away
From the folds of his parent flesh;
And little did we in our merriment heed
What anguish we gave by the murderous deed.

Unto the rippling brook we bore
Our victim, and cleansed of the staining gore,
And we held him down in the sandy bed,
And the foaming stream dashed over his head;
And when in the beam of the mid-day sun,
We held him on high, his form to see,
'Twas a pure clear skin that we looked upon,
And soft as a newly-bath'd babe may be.

Then we raised to our lips that glassy skin,
And the rushing of winds was heard within,

For we blew (though not with the breath of scorn
In triumph over his state forlorn)—
We blew, and we watch'd each wandering vein
Till it well nigh burst with the swelling strain,
And yet no cry of pain gave he,
Not once did he writhe in his agony.

Then we call'd for a cord, and we drew it tight
Around his neck with relentless might,
In a cold dank prison we forc'd him away,
And forbade him the light of the cheerful day,
And then o'er our captive long and loud
We laughed, as he lay in his humid shroud,
For our toils were o'er, and our work was done,
And our sport was only now begun.

We toss'd him to, and we toss'd him fro,
  We dash'd him here, and we kick'd him there,
Now on the earth he was lying low,
  And now he was whirling aloft in air;
    Yet still of his pain
    Would he not complain,
  For perchance he knew that we,
    Though shouts of joy
    We rais'd on high,
  Were suffering more than he;
For we'd many a bruised and battered limb,
And blood was drawn, though not from him.
But all earthly things must end at last,
And so when the goal of our game was past,

We halted in our play;
And our ill-used friend in a corner thrown
We left o'er his varied fate to moan,
Until another day
Shall find us once more in a sportive vein,
When we'll bid him come forth and ill-use him again.

CHARADES.

I.

URG'D by *my first*, Sir Fitz is gone
To win a name in arms,
And earn the kindly smile of one,
Whose beauty when he thinks upon,
His heart within him warms.

Yet, ah! disastrous is the fight,
For soon unto the ground
From his good steed the luckless knight
Is borne, and in his valor's spite
Is in *my second* bound.

But see amid th' exulting foe
The rallied squadrons pour;
Swift is the pace, and sure the blow,
The late victorious are laid low,
Sir Fitz is free once more!

Then speeds he home, for chivalry
No longer fires his soul,
He weds—so let us hope that he
Thro' long and happy years may be
Encircled by *my whole*.

II.

UNDER the depths of the ocean wave
My first long hidden lay,
Till man in his dauntless daring gave
The gem to the light of day;
And he valued the gains of his bold emprise,
And unto his ladie fair
He bore it, an offering to her bright eyes,
And it shone in her raven hair.

Not lying in ocean, but rooted in earth
Ye must for *my second* look;
In the woodland soil it boasts its birth,
And its place by the rippling brook;
And its tresses droop graceful the waters o'er,
And rustle a mournful strain;
And poets have sung it in days of yore,
And poets shall sing it again.

More lowly than these is *my whole* and mean,
But its form is unknown to me,
Yet it brightens what was before unclean
And is prized in its degree;

Of the wondrous powers within it that dwell
It is not mine to say,
But tho' I may not its virtues tell,
Perchance there be those that may,
Oh, yes, if we may not its virtues tell,
Our washerwoman may.

III.

I CLIMBED the rugged mountain side
And journeyed thro' *my first*,
From the break of day I had held my way
An hungered and athirst;
But tho' a-weary and much foot-sore,
One thought would my soul sustain,
I should see my native land once more,
And loving friends again.

Oh, happy chance! oh, lucky hour!
My second was by my side,
And soon I felt by its cheering power
New life, new hope supplied;
And I recked but little of toils before,
And of past toils nothing then,
For I cried: I shall see my home once more,
And loving friends again.

I reached the distant city's gate,
And joy'd in my inmost soul,
When—curses deep on my bitter fate—
They asked me for *my whole!*

I had it not—the dungeon floor
Resounds to my clanking chain—
And I sigh I shall ne'er see my country more,
Nor loving friends again !

IV.

IN the rude old days now long gone by
From the regions of the North,
Where snow-clad mountains pierce the sky,
I pour'd my legions forth;
And my band was firmly knit as my name,
For *my first* and *my second* are one and the same.

Over the hill and over the plain
We march'd to far Cathay,
And the foeman fought, but, ha! 'twas vain
To resist our brave array!
For not in our ranks shone dissension's flame--
Like my two parts we were one and the same.

The Seric troops in their terror fled,
We were left in our triumph alone,
And my warriors plac'd a crown on my head,
And I sat on a royal throne;
Our union won us the daring game,
For like my two parts we were one and the same!

And what is *my first?* the mariner sees
Its power to his bark applied,
And then by the planks is the whistling breeze
And the roaring wave defied;
And if ye should seek for its humble name,
Then know that it is—as *my second* the same.

V.

My *first* to all the bright and fair
  Who cheer our gloomy life below,
Smoothe the deep-furrowed brow of care,
  And teach us purest joys to know!
And should a sorry wretch be found
  The merits of those fair to scorn,
May he, upon *my second* bound,
  Unpitied, limb from limb be torn.

When morning o'er the mountain steals,
  And health is borne upon the blast,
Man then the call of hunger feels,
  And hastens to the sweet repast;
Oh, give *my whole* to him, and mark
  The joy that glistens in his eyes,
Soon as the flame-dried food and dark
  He sees within that whole that lies.

VI.

TRUSTY art thou
Of the honest brow,
And faithful all friends above,
Hardly *my first*
My infancy nurs'd
With a fonder and purer love.

And now thou art old
Shall I prove a-cold,
And spurn thee from my door?
No—heaven forbid
That ever I did
Ingratitude so sore!

I'll make thee a feast
Of the richest and best,
And give thee thy full desire;
Not on the cold stones
Shalt lay thy bones,
But beside the blazing fire.

If poem or song
Could thy days prolong,
Thou shouldst ne'er be without an hymn,
And lyric and ode
Should be freely bestow'd,
With a sonnet to every limb.

The goblet I'll raise,
And I'll chant thy praise,
And drink, my old friend, to thee;
And every draught,
Reverentially quaff'd,
My second and strong shall be!

And when thou art laid
In the home of the dead,
Oh, freely the tear shall fall
On the stone that records
The mysterious words:
Here lies what was truly *my all!*

VII.

Oh, sad was the heart of the ladie bright,
And her grief was wearie to bear!
She shrunk from the sun-beam's flaunting light,
And the day's ungenial glare.

But when the moon on her lonelie bower
In balmie radiance burst,
And breath'd around a softening power,
How welcome was *my first!*

And then would she think of the fickle knight
Who had left her weeping there,
While he bask'd in the shine of a smile more bright
And worshipp'd a face more fair.

And then would she make much bitter moan,
And many a tear would shed,
For she was, alas, in *my second* thrown,
And her joy in life was fled!

Love brooks not slight; that ladie fair
  Bethought her of *my whole*,
And to free her from earthlie pain and care
  She drank of the deadlie bowl!

'Twas told to the knight, and he laughed outright,
  And wink'd with his wicked eye:
"'Tis flattering, I ween—but the maid was green
  "For the love of me to die!"

VIII.

In which is contained the diverting and instructive history of the feud between a gallant Knight and a Baron bold.

I.—YE PREPARATION.

THE castle gates are open wide,
And 'midst a warrior throng,
A gallant knight, Sir Ronald hight,
Steps fearlesslie along.

Pride ye may spy in Sir Ronald's eye,
His foot is firm and free,
And he looks uncommonly like what he is,
A knight of high degree!

And well liketh he that day to see
Such sign of his lordlie state,
As he wendeth along before the throng,
And forth from the castle gate.

Upon the plain a goodlie train
Is marshalled in array,
And faulchions beam, and halberts gleam
In the glorious light of day;

For a baron bold from his castle-hold
My second hath sent to say
That he bears in spite that gallant knight,
And dares him to the fray.

And merrilie beats Sir Ronald's heart,
And he joys that news to hear,
And he calls straightway for his war-array,
Helmet, and shield, and spear.

2.—YE WAITING.

He leads his men to the rockie glèn
In the earlie morning time,
To meet the foe when the hour of ten
Shall go by the abbey chime.

And the time flies by, and none may spy
A sign of the Baron's power,
And all is still on the neighbouring hill,
And wearilie lags the hour.

Now haste thee, haste thee, my henchman good,
And run as a henchman may,
And bear thee hence to the distant wood,
And all the land survey;

And my little foot-page, a boy of your age,
Can run with the speed of light,
So haste and try if ye may spy
A sign of the coming fight.

Ride, ride, my squire, at my desire,
And, an thou bring to me
The news that his band is near at hand,
The spurs shall thy guerdon be.

On the faith of his sword he hath pass'd his word,
And yet, though the hour be noon,
I may not be told that a Baron bold
Shall prove a coward loon.

3.—YE MEETING.

Hark! thro' the dell o'er the mountain fell
The sounds of the trumpet roll,
And striking clear on the startled ear
High rises aloft *my whole!*

And shields are grasp'd, and hilts are clasp'd,
And each the welcome fray
With savage glee awaits, yet he
His arm perforce must stay,

For with trusty brand in good right hand
The chiefs with dauntless air
Step forth to stand before that band,
And win or perish there.

Again is heard the trumpet-sound,
And then the warriors twain
With a terrible clash together dash,
And the blows fall down like rain.

So have we seen two mountain bulls
With furious front engage,
While all around the woods resound
Their madding cries of rage;

Or as two ancient beldames when
Each other they assail,
In her good cause each plies her claws,
And goes it tooth and nail.

4.—YE APOSTROPHE.

Oh, *my* sad *first!* thou art the proof
Of man's degraded state;
The savage fight is a sorrie sight
Of human strength and hate.

Thou art a pain and mortal bane,
All evils spring from thee,
The widow's groans, the orphan's moans
And the mother's misery.

The father rank'd against the son,
The brother 'gainst the brother,
As gold or pride the heart may guide,
Or envy of another.

The woodland shorn, the purpl'd brook,
All fairest things defac'd,
And the corn-field, ripe for reaping-hook,
By reaping-sword laid waste,

The batter'd walls, the roofless halls,
The blood-besprinkled keep—
Till the blazing town comes rattling down
And lies a formless heap.

Yet *my* sad *first*, we may not say
Thou art not wiselie sent,
For join'd in thee at once we see
The crime and punishment !

5.—YE CATASTROPHE.

Oh, fiercelie fought the chieftains twain,
And waxed the combat warm,
Till the Baron's brand from his failing hand
Was forc'd by Sir Ronald's arm ;

And the knight laid low his lordlie foe
Y-stricken on the crown,
And just as Crib has been seen to fib,
He fibbed him when he was down !

And greater yet was the Baron's dismay,
For Sir Ronald did nothing by halves ;
He dusted him well about mid-way
'Twixt his lordship's shoulders and calves ;

And as for his bellows, I've heard the fellows
Lying *sub cultro* at Guy's,
But I'm ready to swear never rung thro' the air
Such arch-dæmoniacal cries !

The brawl was sped, the Baron ne'er
From that unluckie day,
Though still in spite he holds the knight,
Has dared him to the fray ;

And when friend or foe a hint may throw
Of the fight in the rockie glen,
The Baron's chagrin is palpably seen,
And he sits uneasilie then.

IX.

By a Cavalier.

By right divine he ruled the land
As ruled his sires before,
Till thro' the realm a crop-ear'd band
Rebellion's standard bore;
For evil men in evil day
Drew forth the godless sword
And vowed the impious vow to slay
The Anointed of the Lord!

They have conquer'd in the bloody storm
That band of men accurs'd—
And they have seiz'd his kingly form
And led him to *my first;*
My second they have sworn shall be
No longer his to wear,
And bidden him (foul impiety!)
To kneel him down in prayer.

Oh ! tho' his cheek with grief is wan,
No woman-fear he knows :
He kneels and he prays with the holy man
For mercy on his foes ;
" *Remember*"—'twas in solemn tone—
The latest word he said—
And he who own'd a royal throne
Was number'd with the dead !

Repentance follows in the track
Of brute misguided force,
And tho' we may call not his spirit back
Nor heal that mangled corse,
Who makes not his voice indignant heard
To mark the sorrowing soul,
Like him who fails to guess my word,
I brand him as *my whole !*

X.

At the Suggestion of Mrs. H., for Solution by Mrs. S.

Oh dear, how very comforting without a letter more,
My first would be
When the wind blows free,
And whistles cold and frore ;
I'd wrap my hands within its folds to keep them snug and warm,
And laugh right out,
Nor care about
The raging of the storm.

Oh dear, how very pleasant if it had a letter more,
My second
Would be reckon'd ;
When I gain'd the friendly door,
I'd bid them bring the cheering leaf within its china bowl,
And to complete
The cosy treat,
I'd swallow down *my whole.*

XI.

At the Suggestion of Mrs. S., for Solution by Mrs. H.

I LOVED, and loving, resolved to pop,
As I sate with my ladie dear,
In a snug little corner of Gunter's shop,
And whispered *my first* in her ear.

She blushed, and *my second* was dropp'd from her clutch,
—She was eager upon it before—
But the word I had spoken bewilder'd her much,
And she thought of my second no more.

Two loving hearts were that day made fast,
Two beings bound soul to soul,
And ere thro' the door of that shop we pass'd
An order we gave for *my whole.*

XII.

My whole a nobler strain demands
Than it is mine to give,
And yet with me its memory
Shall aye, tho' songless, live ;
'Twas there my childhood's moments flew,
There sped my boyhood's days,
There Nature's beauty first I knew,
And sang my earliest lays.
Time's sand rolls on—I love it still,
For never to my heart
Can other soil in Britain's isle
An equal sense impart.—
And though, dear spot, a lofty strain
Thou mayst not win from me,
Here from afar the cup I'll drain,
And waft a thought to thee.
Fill, fill again—the tropic flame
Makes suffering man athirst,
Or, what's in other phrase the same,
He ever is *my first !*

Oh, when I wandered at my will
Thro' rippling burn, o'er lawn and hill,
And eager would tho' vainly try
To ensnare the painted butterfly,
Or mark'd the perch's serrate form,
And strove to tempt him with a worm,
Or watch'd the wasp's bink in the dyke,
As they "bizz'd oot wi' angry fyke,"
And waited till within their nest
They'd taken to their evening rest,
When Merrick's powder blew them high,
Combs, cells, and honey to the sky,
Or when amid the covert rocks
We hid in ambush for the fox,
Who, conscious of our hostile plan,
Lurk'd in *my second*, and began
The crafty Fabian game to play,
And conquer us by long delay,
Till we in sour despondent mood
Left with slow steps the ungrateful wood;
Or when with comrades now forgot,
Or whom the long, long seas divide,
I joined in many an urchin plot,
A woodland walk, or highway ride,
Then—happiness was mine—and now!
But stay—what boots it to reflect
On vanish'd hope and slighted vow,
On weak resolve and purpose wreck'd?
For thoughts as these not this the time
When I would weave the idle rhyme,

The rhyme that seeks its only meed
In the brief smile of those that read.

Enough—yet ere my pen I throw
Aside, I would that ye should know
My whole once had another form—
A man in whom life's blood was warm,
Whose lyre was tuned to sweeter lays
Than sound in these degenerate days,
Who sang of music, war, and love,
Whose song Bœotian souls might move,
Who made a Roman poet's name
Shine brighter on the scroll of fame,
And knew unto a Briton's heart
The patriot's virtue to impart.
Oh ! had he flourish'd in these times,
In place of my incondite rhymes,
His verse had given the "groves of oak"*
A higher fame than those that spoke
With the prophetic voice of Jove
Whilom in deep Dodona's Grove.

* Scott, Lay of the Last Minstrel, vi. 23.

EPIGRAM;

Of which the source will be found in the Blue Book, giving the evidence taken before the Parliamentary Committee that sat on China affairs in 1847.

WHAT makes the Holy City increase,
And depresses the Island town?
Says the great Lucullus—the marriage fees,
And other *inventions*—but chiefly these
Keep a suffering colony down.

How many an amorous pair have I known
For gentle dalliance ripe,
When Government down on its fees has flown,
And tried an extortionate game of its own,
And put out the bridegroom's pipe.

"Gadzooks! there shall be no marrying here,"
The Governor wrathfully said,
"I shall put on a fee to make marrying dear,
"And the swain must away with his bridal fere
To Macao, an he wish to be wed."

'Tis hard to believe—says the chief—but I vow
The marriage fee ruins the town;
May I never tell truth, if I don't tell it now!
It is this that causes the rise of Macao,
And keeps the Colony down.

[*Exit ingenuous witness—with his tongue in his cheek—and lene susurrans:*

It is this that causes the rise of Macao,
And keeps our Colony down.]

A FRENCH EPIGRAM.

An energetic Father took forcible possession of a Temple on Chusan, and turned it into a dwelling-place for himself. The proceeding naturally caused remonstrance and discussion, but the French Consul at Shanghai supported the Padré. The Chancellor, a man of letters, shook his head, but being a subordinate, shook it vainly. He made, however, a merry thrust at the soldier of the Church in the following epigram :

"MONSIEUR DAMIEN"—the priest was a native of
Picardy—

"MONSIEUR DAMIEN, il suit le meilleur des methodes,
"Il convertit peu de *pagans*, mais il convertit leur
pagodes."

Which may be thus rendered :

It isn't too much to assert
Our priest's a superlative plan :
If *pagans* he cannot convert,
Oh, their *pagodas* he can !

EPIGRAM

On Chun Aling, the second chief of the rebels who held Shanghai in 1853—4. He had been employed in the stables of a well-known English merchant, and hence was always spoken of among foreigners as "Skinner's horse-boy."

How odd to find both far and near
Strange union oft effected
'Twixt things that quite incongruous are!
We've here, for instance, horse and war
With Skinner's name connected.

Nor here alone—point we our course
To India—'twould appear
The chance remark has double force—
In India we have *Skinner's Horse*,
And Skinner's *horse-boy* here!

ON AN INKSTAND,

Made of the hoof of the celebrated Buckstone ; a horse bred by Mr. Merry of Belladrum, and winner of the Ascot Gold Cup 1863, after a dead heat with Tim Whiffler. He ran third for the Derby, and second for the St. Leger 1862, winning a £500 match against Knowsley at the Newmarket 2nd October meeting of that year. He also won the Claret Stakes at Newmarket 1863, with the Stewards' Cup at Chester, and a sweepstakes (w.o.) at Goodwood in the same year.

He was by Voltigeur out of Burlesque, by Touchstone out of Maid of Honor.

Exported to Hongkong he made no further appearance, but died there in 1865.

WHO late on heaths and upland plains
Dared fortune's smiles or frowns,
After his early death attains
To other *ups* and *downs;*

In many a noble contest matched,
The pet of sporting men,
He aids, tho' now for ever scratched,
The *scratchings* of the pen;

The horse, that once out-vied the wind,
And pride of place could boast,
Still from his foot leaves marks behind
That bear them to *the post;*

Free as the air the prize he sought,
And bounded o'er the lea,
And fitly now promotes the thought
Of others to run free;

His litter left, and come to grief,
He still assumes a part—
Named from a literary chief—
In *literary* art.

The breath of slander could not touch
This equine Man of Ross,
Who yet—the turns of fate are such—
Assists to *make a cross;*

And hangers-on, who won their stake
And hook'd their pot, would vow
'Twere sad to see him brought to make
Pot-hooks and hangers now.

Yes, famous steed, it must stir up
Pain in the breasts of some,
To think of him who won The Cup,
A cup himself become!

Time was when loud huzza and hip
  Foretold thy victorie,
When heading Knowsley in the dip—
  The dip is now in thee!

Thou that thro' very pluck didst win
  To change of luck must yield,
By turf thou'rt *laid on*, not *agin*,
  But underneath *the field;*

Once fools at thee would set their cap
  To lose thereby—or gain,
But now, alas! 'tis thy mishap
  The *foolscap* fair to stain;

But possibly thy spirit now
  Is roaming with the Gods—
If man to beast a soul allow—
  So Buckstone, *what's the odds!*

And on this relic, honest horse,
  Who is not proud to look?
Whilst thou shalt, having run thy course,
  Still help to *make a book!*

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